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SURREY ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—A GENERAL MEETING of the Society will be held on WEDNESDAY, the 12th MAY, at ST. OLAVE'S SCHOOL, Southwark, by permission of the Warden. The Chair will be taken, at TWO o'clock, by WILLIAM PRITCHARD, Esq., High Bailiff of Southwark, Vice-President.

The arrangements of the day will include an inspection of St. Saviour's Church.

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING will be held at FARNHAM, on the 13th JULY, under the Presidency of The Right Rev. The LORD BISHOP of WINCHESTER, who has honoured the members with an invitation to visit Farnham Castle.

The Second Part of the Transactions will be ready for delivery in May.

By order of the Council,
GEO. BISH. WEBB, Hon. Secretary.
Council Room, 6, Southampton-st., Covent-garden, W.C.
24th April 1858.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The Sixty-ninth ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will take place in the FREEMASONS' HALL, on WEDNESDAY, May 5, at Six o'clock precisely.

THE LORD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, K.G., in the Chair.

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THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

TO OUR READERS.

We have to inform our readers, and the public generally, that on and after Saturday, the 5th of June, the CRITIC will be converted from a bi-monthly into a weekly publication. This change, which has been long contemplated, has been at length forced upon us by the necessities of our position. The extreme inconvenience of an uncertain issue, (for even the fixed dates of 1st and 15th of each month have been frequently interfered with by the occurrence of Sunday); the impossibility of compressing a complete survey of a fortnight's progress in literature, art, and science within a single number—these are reasons for the change which have only to be mentioned to be admitted as sufficient. It has been in spite of these difficulties, and against far more than the share of envious opposition which is usually brought to bear by older rivals, that this journal has quietly and slowly, but not less surely, won its way to an honourable position in the literary world, and to the confidence and respect of its readers. It has been the aim of its conductors to give a full and true account of all matters legitimately within their province, and to speak of such matters frankly and honestly, without fear or partiality, neither dreading the anger of the strong, nor seeking unjustly to oppress the weak. It is in the highest degree satisfactory to them to know that their efforts have been appreciated, and that there has been gradually gathering around this journal a trusty band of friends, willing to stand by it so long as it continues in this course.

Having these considerations in view, it appears to the conductors that to continue to subject the CRITIC to the inconveniences of the bi-monthly issue would be wilfully to circumscribe the scope of its usefulness. Convinced of the necessity of the change, they have resolved to carry it out at once and effectually, having due regard to the rights and interests of the present subscribers.

The CRITIC in its new form will consist of sixteen pages at the least, uniform in size with those now issued. The articles will be printed in a smaller, but very clear type, so that each number will contain nearly as much matter as the twenty-four pages now issued, and quite as much as twenty-four pages of the same size as the *Athenaeum* and *Literary Gazette*.

The price of the CRITIC on and after the 5th of June will be fourpence unstamped, and fivepence stamped.

The terms of subscription to the CRITIC from the 5th of June will be as follows:—

	s. d.
For one year.....	18 0
For half a year.....	9 0
For a quarter	4 6

Upon these terms (payable in advance) the CRITIC will be sent by post to every subscriber, free of any further charge.

Those subscribers who have already paid their subscriptions in advance will be supplied with the new issue of the CRITIC until the balance of their subscriptions is exhausted, of which due notice will be given them, so that they may renew their subscriptions upon the new terms according to their pleasure.

The present plan of the CRITIC will, in most respects, be mainly adhered to. The increased space afforded by the weekly issue will, of course, give opportunity for many useful improvements. Among those in contemplation, it may be mentioned, that more attention than has hitherto been possible will be devoted to the important sections of Art and Science. Gentlemen of recognised authority in Painting, Sculpture, Music, and Archaeology have promised their assistance in rendering these departments as perfect as possible. The meetings of the Learned and Scientific Societies will be reported with sufficient fulness, and no pains will be spared to render the review of all scientific discoveries as efficient as possible. The section devoted to Foreign Literature will also be considerably developed, and in the department of English Literature several writers of acknowledged authority will be added to the present staff of reviewers. As to the manner in which these details will be carried out, we make no promises; but we trust that our subscribers (new and old) will find it take rank, in efficiency at least, as second to none of its contemporaries.

In making these changes, it is the intention of the proprietors to introduce an additional feature, in the shape of a series of PORTRAITS OF LITERARY, ARTISTIC, AND SCIENTIFIC CELEBRITIES. These portraits will be executed in the best style of wood-engraving, after the approved photographs. In every case, the likeness between the engraving and the photograph will be as close as the lines of engraving can be made to approach the delicate gradations of shade in theseimitable sun-pictures. The portraits will be separately printed upon prepared paper, and will be introduced into rather than form part of the numbers of the CRITIC with which they will be given. Each portrait will be accompanied by a short biographical statement, confined exclusively to the facts belonging to the career of the person represented. Fac-similes of the autographs will also be given.

In selecting the subjects for these portraits, nothing like arrangement will be attempted. It is not thought advisable to begin, as in case of similar series, with Lord Macaulay, Mr. Grote, Mr. Faraday, &c. If arrangement be desirable, it will be time enough to introduce it when a sufficient number of these portraits and biographies shall have been collected to form the nucleus of a *Biographie des Contemporains*. According to the present plan, the portraits will be selected hap-hazard, without any reference to relative position, partly according to the state of the photographer's portfolio, and partly according to the convenience of the persons who will be requested to sit. The only rule to be observed is, that the subjects will be exclusively the "men" and women "of the time" who are distinguishing themselves in the various branches of literature, art, and science, and who are influencing by the exercise of their intellects the mental condition of their fellow creatures. The biographical articles will be severely confined (as we have before intimated) to a statement of facts and dates.

In strict accordance with this mode of selection, the first portrait of the series will be that of WILKIE COLLINS, Esq., novelist and essayist. We have selected this gentleman, partly because he fulfils all the terms of the definition given above, and partly because Mr. Herbert Watkins has taken a very admirable and highly artistic photographic portrait of him. In our next announcement we purpose giving the names of some ten or a dozen subjects to be given in regular succession.

It is scarcely necessary to enlarge upon the permanent value of such a collection as we propose to issue. Othello, according to the partial testimony of Desdemona, wore his "visage in his mind;" but most men, if there be any truth in Lavater, wear their minds in their visages. How often, when the reader has drained the cup of delight to the dregs in the pages of some favourite writer, has he not wished for some opportunity of forming a correct idea as to the outward seeming of his benefactor? This desire of acquaintance with the personality is, indeed, the main secret of the success which some great writers have met with when they have consented to lecture or otherwise appear before the public. In such cases, nine out of every ten among the audience have been attracted rather by the desire to know the manner of the man than the matter which he may have to tell them. This is an excusable, even a wholesome curiosity; and a man must either be singularly diffident or singularly warped in judgment who refuses to gratify it.

It is the present intention of the conductors of the CRITIC to issue one of these portraits every month; should, however, the scheme prove feasible, they will be given more frequently.

In our next impression fuller information will be given as to the plans in contemplation by the conductors of the CRITIC.

THE LITERARY WORLD: ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

A LITERARY contemporary, who is certainly not distinguished for saying a bold word to those who are in power, but who generally reserves the rough side of his tongue for those who are unable to retaliate, makes a great parade of the fact that he has offended the French police, and has been placed in the *Index Expurgatorius* of the Rue de Jerusalem. We have no doubt that the uncanny words which offended the *mouchards* of that pleasant *locale* were purely accidental, and that, due apology being given and accepted, our politic friend will not again be denied access to his

Parisian readers. For us this police persecution is no new thing—only we have not as yet thought it necessary to brag about it. Honest men don't go about boasting that they are honest;—and it is only necessary to be honest to offend the French police. One bold, true, plain-speaking word is enough for these gentry to assume the right to pillage the post-office of every copy of the journal that contains it, and we are proud to say that there have been very few numbers of the CRITIC issued for some years past which have not been guilty in this respect. Neither the contemporary to whom we refer, nor this journal, have any business with a political question, *as such*; yet so wide are the confines, and so extended the operations of literature, that it is impossible to review the literary and artistic events of the day without touching upon something which has a political bias. A very large proportion of the works published have a direct reference to political topics, and it would be absurd to say that literary journals ought to confine themselves to the literary view of the question. Were that so, criticism would never be allowed to go further than a judgment about the style and composition of a book; and the statements of the historian would pass unchallenged if only they were couched in pure and elegant English.

The public feeling which has arisen in this country against the Government press-prosecutions has deepened and widened since the acquittal of Dr. BERNARD. On Wednesday evening a lecture was delivered at St. Martin's-hall by Mr. SLACK, a barrister, in which the whole case was very fairly stated. The lecture was attended by a numerous and respectable audience, and many persons of standing and influence were present. Among those who took part in the proceedings were Mr. NICHOLAY and Mr. EDWIN JAMES, Q. C., the advocate who defended Dr. BERNARD, and who is retained to defend Mr. TRUELOVE, the bookseller. It is not within our province to offer any opinion as to the political merits of these questions; but it is plain, from such proceedings as these, that the blood of the people is fairly up.

We are happy to say that the passport nuisance, which has operated for some weeks past almost as a prohibition against crossing the Channel, has been somewhat abated. Instead of confining the granting of passports to persons certificated by a justice of the peace, the requisite testimonial may now be given by "any mayor, magistrate, justice of the peace, minister of religion, physician, surgeon, solicitor or notary, resident in the United Kingdom." In plain terms, a passport will be granted to anybody who wants one; for where is the man who cannot get a certificate from some one coming within one of these categories? This certainly is a reduction of the whole passport system to an absurdity, and after the very strong language lately applied to it in the House of Lords, we hope that Lord MAMESBURY will use whatever influence he may possess with his quondam friend at the Tuilleries to effect its abolition. The passport system protects nobody, and harasses everybody; and the only persons concerned in its maintenance are those who derive fees from it.

We do not know with what favour the Lord Advocate's Bill "for the better Government and Discipline of the Scottish Universities, for Improving and Regulating the Course of Study therein, and for the union of the two Universities and Colleges of Aberdeen," has been received in Scotland; but it seems to us that it will remedy some evils and abolish some absurdities, which are quite as well remedied and got rid of. In the first place, it will get rid of the anomalous position of the two Universities of Aberdeen, by rendering it impossible for any one to repeat the sneer, "Aberdeen, like England, has two Universities." The Edinburgh University has hitherto been under the direction of the *Town Council*. For the respectable, but not very appropriate governing body, the Lord Advocate proposes to substitute a board, consisting of the rector, the principal, and the assessors—the last to be elected by the professors and graduates.

We have to congratulate the Crystal Palace Company upon what we deem to be the very best programme yet issued by it. This, we presume, is the first fruits of the new management, or rather of the grafting Mr. BOWLEY's new ideas upon the old stock. It certainly consults the comforts of the season-ticket holders in every possible way, and deals with them in a more liberal spirit than ever they have been dealt with

before. As the particulars of the programme have been duly advertised, we must refer the reader to the advertisement.

Everybody who is either nearly or remotely connected with the literary world is looking forward, as to an anticipated treat, to the anniversary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, on the 5th inst., and no one who is not absolutely prevented either by absence from town or adhesion to the DILKE-DICKENS schism should deny his countenance to the occasion. From the name of the chairman and the list of stewards, it is evident that the committee has made no common efforts to muster a goodly array of influential friends. The promise of Lord PALMERSTON in the chair is of itself a sure draw; and when we recollect that the ex-premier has now got time to go about and enjoy himself, we are inclined to hope that he really will be present, and to disregard the ill-natured suggestion that "an unforeseen event" will compel him in the eleventh hour to hand the business over to some less-important personage. HENRY JOHN TEMPLE, commonly called Viscount PALMERSTON, of the peerage of Ireland, is not exactly what one would call a literary man, but he bears a literary name, and is himself a man of no ordinary acquirements. Among the long list of fifty-four stewards we are glad to find some names which go far to console us for the absence of the ACHILLES who sulks in his tent. Lord MACAULAY is there, and Lord LYNDHURST; his Grace the Duke of ARGYLE, Lord SHAFESBURY, and Lord TALBOT DE MALAHIDE well represent the literary nobility. Bibliography has able representatives in Messrs. BOHN, PANIZZI, and the Belgian Minister, M. VAN DE WEYER, one of the most ardent lovers of books in the world. Among other names known to fame, we note those of DR. BEATTIE, GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, GEORGE GODWIN, Baron MAROCHETTI, Mr. MONCKTON MILNES, and Mr. CHARLES KEAN.

Mr. CHARLES DICKENS, although he denies his countenance to the Literary Fund, is about to bestow it upon the public, "for a con-si-de-ra-tion." Having given many public readings of some of his Christmas books for the benefit of charities, he is going to apply the old proverb and read for the benefit of himself. This is perfectly legitimate, and Mr. DICKENS even deserves the thanks of the public for thus giving them an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with his immortal works; for it is impossible for anyone to say that he fully understands any one of these works until he has listened to it as delivered from the lips of its author. Those who have not yet attended these readings have a treat in store; for Mr. DICKENS is a perfect master of elocution, and, (naturally understanding his works better than anyone else can possibly do,) he discloses to the listener a thousand hidden but most exquisite beauties, that have lain like modest violets among the grass, and have been passed over unheeded by the reader that runs. Public readings, to be anything but tiresome, must be admirably done; but these are absolutely perfect.

We do not know whether the press will be inclined to accept Lord DERBY's bribe—the repeal of the paper-duty—if he be allowed "a few years' grace; but we are glad to find that the zealous friends of progress will not permit the important questions involved in that just and necessary measure to remain unagitated. We certainly have no hope of such a relief from a Tory Government, because nothing extending the liberty of the press ever proceeded from such a source. The Government which consents to remove this last and heaviest fetter from the hands of knowledge must be a Liberal one in every sense of the term. As we have often pointed out, the vitality of the cheap press lies in the repeal of the paper-duty. Whatever may be the result of the bold, and for the most part creditable, experiments which are now being carried on, the cheap press will never be fairly inaugurated until the duty on paper has disappeared. This it is that convinces us that to obtain this apparently simple measure of justice will be a work of time and infinite pains. The most vehement opponents of the measure are naturally the expensive daily papers, who know that the repeal of the duty means either death or cheaper prices to them; these, aided by the hereditary opponents of progress, are the giants with whom Mr. MILNER GIBSON and his colleagues have to fight. What wonder, then, that the battle is both long and hot! Let us hope, however, that it will terminate in favour of fairplay and the spread of knowledge.

In reply to the letter of "A Subscriber both to the CRITIC and to Mudie's," and to our observations upon the same, Mr. MUDIE has sent the following:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR.—Having read a letter in your last number, signed "A Subscriber both to the CRITIC and to Mudie's," with your comments thereon, I trust you will allow me, in courtesy to your readers, and in justice to myself, to explain that I do not consider myself pledged by the terms of my advertisements to furnish copies of every book, but only of the principal new books, and that under certain limitations, which are clearly stated in all my prospectuses. Mr. READE's book was excluded from my collection not simply on account of its price, but of its quality. Whether I have acted judiciously or not in the matter may be questioned, but "The Autobiography of a Thief" cannot be said to come within the category of books which I am pledged to procure. On the contrary, it appears to be of less than average ability, quite unworthy of Mr. READE's high reputation, or of a place in any select library. Whether the book is cheap or dear at 10s. each purchaser must decide for himself. The market value is, as you state, "just what it will fetch." My estimate, however, of the monetary worth of any book is somewhat special: it is not determined solely by the price which authors and publishers affix to it, but chiefly by its likelihood of circulation and subsequent sale. Let Mr. READE give us another work equal to "Christie Johnston," with anything like his old delicate and sparkling freshness of style and feeling, and I will cheerfully give a good round sum for the first edition.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

C. E. MUDIE.

This is certainly very frank, but (Mr. MUDIE must allow us to add) scarcely satisfactory. Not content with objecting to the work because it was too dear, Mr. MUDIE now assumes the chair of the reviewer, and condemns it as "of less than averageability, quite unworthy of Mr. READE's high reputation, or of a place in any select library." Is not this going a little too far? Tastes differ, and Mr. MUDIE (who, we presume, has carefully read the book which he condemns) may not admire "Cream;" but it is just possible that, among his numerous subscribers, he will find many who do. We know, and can furnish Mr. MUDIE with the names of several of his subscribers who have asked for the book at his library in vain; and what we take to be Mr. MUDIE's business, is to furnish his customers with the books they want, not with the books which he likes. It is quite a new doctrine in commerce for a general dealer to refuse to supply his customers with an article, for no better reason than because it does not accord with his own taste. For our part we have reviewed "Cream," and, with some reservations, have expressed ourselves in terms of admiration. In this we are not fortunate enough to agree with Mr. MUDIE; but it is likely that the opinion which we arrived at impartially may not be entirely singular. It is not necessary to compare the two little tales in "Cream" with "Christie Johnston," or any other work, any more than it would be to contrast a pencil-drawing by LANDSEER with an elaborate oil-painting by the same hand. We know that Mr. READE's last work is rather unpopular with "the trade," not so much on account of its inferiority to "Christie Johnston," as from the fact that Mr. READE has taken the independent course of publishing the work on his own account. This is, to be sure, a very dangerous and revolutionary proceeding on his part, and, if adopted as a precedent, may have the effect of making authors rich at the expense of publishers' profits. Whatever its quality may be, we have satisfactory evidence that nearly one thousand copies of the book have already been sold, and we have little doubt that, if a peep could be obtained at Mr. READE's cash-book, it would be found that this inferior and "unworthy" volume has made him a richer man than even "Christie Johnston."

Dr. SPIERS replies to our observations, and supplies some new facts, in the following letter:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR.—"John Bull's natural love of fair play" has already been exemplified by your immediate insertion of my letter of the 12th inst. This prompt compliance with my request induces me to trespass again on your attention, and I must confess the belief that with an adversary like you, Sir, it is not difficult to agree. You would appear to me willing to admit, as a general principle, that there is *in reason* (*I* do not say *in law*) copyright wherever there is originality. Now I have shown there may be originality in a dictionary in all new words, new definitions, new acceptations, new examples, new idioms, new adages and proverbs, and the new order of each; and in dictionaries of two languages the new translations of each of these series. As, then, there may be originality in dictionaries, there may in reason be copyright in them.

It would, as you justly assert, be endless and idle to discuss "the superiority of French law over our own." As a general question this is most true; but it must be conceded that in this particular point, that law which secures to a man the enjoyment of the fruits of the labour and sacrifices of a whole life, is superior to the one which admits it in theory but denies it in practice. The Vice-Chancellor said, in his judgment in my case, "Copyright extended in this country, if not elsewhere, to every description of work, however humble it might be, even to the mere collection of the abodes of persons and to streets and places;" and yet you concede that the practical effect of his decision is that "there is not virtually in England any copyright at all in a dictionary," i.e., in the labour of fourteen years, as in my own case, or in that of twenty-seven and thirty-two years, as in the case of Dr. Webster and Mr. Richardson—in short, in the labour of a whole life. And all protection by law would be consequently denied to that monument of genius, the dictionary of Dr. Johnson. The Vice-Chancellor would bestow all kinds of praise on the work—as he has done on mine—and would refuse "our own great lexicographer" as he has rightly styled him, the only thing sought at his hands—protection from the spoiler. I own that, setting aside all patriotism, all national self-love, I must consider as superior that law which practically secures to every man the fruits of his labour. The whole question may be reduced to the following dilemma. Either our law is defective, because it fails to secure the right, and then it is inferior to the French law, which succeeds in enforcing it, or the judge is defective as an exponent of the law. Either the law is at fault or the judge. M. Marie, of the French bar, is preparing an opinion on the case as it stands in reference to French law, and I shall have much pleasure in forwarding you a copy of that document when it is ready. It has been delayed by the indisposition of that learned gentleman. I had before trial waived the right of appeal from the Vice-Chancellor's judgment; and I fear that when the decision is quoted in future cases, it will be argued that, as it was not appealed from, it was acquiesced in. Against this inference I would enter my formal protest.—I have the honour to remain, Sir, yours truly,

A. SPIERS.

Paris, 26 April 1858.

It certainly is to be regretted that the point could not be finally settled by the judgment in *Spiers v. Brown*. Whilst we are unwilling to concede to Mr. SPIERS that the French law is superior, or even equal to our own, we fear that it must be admitted that our law has the defect of not allowing any point to be finally settled except at a ruinous expense, in the way of costs, to all parties concerned.

We do not know whether the publishers are aware of the abuse of which we are about to indicate the existence; but for their own sakes and for the authors, whose interests are bound up with their own, we think that they ought to take immediate steps towards checking the evil. We have ascertained, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the post-office is made available for the transmission of piratical editions of English works, and that there are persons in England who take advantage of this extraordinary laxity for the purpose of supplying their shelves with these editions. We know in one instance that a copy of the Tauchnitz edition of Lord MACAULAY's History has been thus obtained for nineteen shillings, and has been transmitted through the post. Some persons avow that they get all their books in the same manner. We must confess that we cannot understand how the purchasers of these books can reconcile with any principle of honour their connivance in a system which robs both the British publisher and the British author; but that is their own affair. The great offender in the matter is the post-office, and we earnestly advise Messrs. LONGMAN and the other leading publishers to lose no time in making such a representation to the POSTMASTER-GENERAL as shall cause him to take effectual precautions against turning the post-office into an accomplice with piracy.

Who shall say that our parliamentary reporters are not "scholars and gentlemen?" Have not CAMPBELL, TALFOURD, DICKENS, and a host of other illustrious names shed a lustre around that mephitic pew wherein so much health and toil have been sacrificed to the ungrateful task of translating parliamentary oratory into intelligible English? We are afraid, however, that there has been a falling off lately. See how the reporter for the *Morning Post* misuses Lord PALMERSTON's hackneyed bit of quotation of the epitaph in GRUTER'S "Monuments." He would be greater than BENTLEY, who could unravel such an enigma as this:

"Balucca, viva, viva, vinus corruptum nostra vita
Sed facerent nostra vita balucca vita venus."

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No wonder the House received this wondrous oracle with "cheers," for, with the exception of the words *sed* and *venus* at the beginning and the end of the second line there is not one word that is not a blunder; the proper reading being:

"Balnea, vina, Venus corrumpt corpora nostra;
Sed vitam faciunt balnea, vina, Venus."

The vitality of the cheap press is astonishing. Here are two additions to the band, both illustrated, and both priced a penny. The *Welcome Guest*, judging by its first instalment, bids fair to

deserve its name. Well printed, upon good paper, well written, and well illustrated, it is one of the cheapest penn'orths possible. GUSTAV FREYTAG'S novel "Soll und Haben" has already been translated three times over; but the conductors of the *Welcome Guest* are perhaps not wrong in deeming that it deserves a fourth. A series of articles called "Twice Round the Clock," by Mr. SALA is opened by a capital description of Billingsgate Market in the author's best style,—happily blending historical reminiscences with an almost photographic

minuteness in describing the facts—the whole being set off with that fanciful and epigrammatic style which is so peculiarly his own. Mr. SALA gives promise that this series of papers will form a valuable addition to the already numerous sketches of London Life. Attached to the article on Billingsgate are two capital woodcuts by Mr. M'CONNELL. The *Guide* is, as nearly as possible, a fac-simile of the *London Journal*—identical in form, in arrangement, and in tone. Like the *London Journal*, it is intended for the million, and we doubt not, will soon find an audience.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of Mahomet and History of Islam, to the era of the Hegira. With Introductory Chapters on the original sources for the Biography of Mahomet, and the pre-Islamite History of Arabia. By WILLIAM MUIR, Esq., Bengal Civil Service. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill. 8vo. Introduction pp. 271, Biography pp. 357.

(Concluded from p. 152.)

THE life of Mahomet from his boyhood to his fortieth year, when he had deluded himself into the belief that he was called to the prophetic office, may be destitute of romance and of all those bolder features which marked his subsequent career, but is not the less interesting and instructive. The character of the youth is a grand master-key to the character of the ripe man. As a boy he was reserved and meditative. He rarely entered into the sports of his youthful friends; he avoided their licentious manners; he guarded his chastity; and then, as always, manifested a horror of falsehood, even when the falsehood was intended to do him honour. For example, the genealogists wished to make his pedigree ascend to a period at least 2000 years before his birth, whereas it could only be historically traced to Adnān, who lived a little before the Christian era. The prophet rejected the falsehood. "Beyond Adnān," he said, "none but the Lord knoweth, and the genealogists lie." In his manners he was unobtrusive, and so correct in all his ways, that he won, if not the approbation, at least the respect of his fellow-citizens, and he received the title, by common consent, of Al Amin, "The Faithful." But we must not conclude that the pensive, sedate youth, and the still more sedate man, was sullen, morose, or anti-social in his disposition. On the contrary, we can believe that he had many winning qualities, that he enjoyed an innocent jest, and had a genuine appreciation of humour. Though generally taciturn, he sometimes would burst out in a hearty laugh, showing his teeth and gums, and holding his convulsed sides.

Until his marriage the guardian of Mahomet was his uncle, Abu Tālib, who ever testified towards him the affection of a father, and until his death the devotedness of a friend. When about twenty years of age we find him taking part in the Fijār, or Sacreligious War. This war originated through a series of feuds, ending often in bloodshed, between the Coreish and Bani Hawāzīn, a numerous tribe of kindred descent, and took its name from having been eventually carried on within the sacred territory of Mecca. We doubt whether the young Mahomet displayed any great bravery in the field of grand moral courage; he was, nevertheless, greatly deficient in physical courage, he dreaded personal injury, and at no period of his life was distinguished by martial prowess. Speaking afterwards of this war, he said: "I discharged arrows at the enemy, and I do not regret it." He does not mention at what distance he stood from the foe. Some authorities state that his efforts were confined to gathering up the arrows discharged by the enemy and handing them to his uncles. The event more calculated to call forth his enthusiasm was a confederacy formed at Mecca for the suppression of violence and injustice. It was called the "Oath of Fudhūl." The confederates met in the house of one Abdallah, when they swore "by the avenging Deity that they would take the part of the oppressed, and see his claim fulfilled, so long as a drop of water remained in the ocean, or that they would satisfy it from their own resources." In after years Mahomet used to say, "I would not exchange for the choicest camel in all Arabia the remembrance of being present at the oath which

we took in the house of Abdallah, when the Bani Hāshim, Bani Zohra, and Bani Tyam swore that they would stand by the oppressed." About this time Mahomet was employed in tending the sheep and goats of the Meccans, an occupation not then considered dishonourable. It was one that eminently suited his retiring, meditative, and highly poetical nature. He was alone with God and his own thoughts:

While he watched the flocks through the hours of darkness, his attention would be riveted by the evidences of natural religion spread around; the twinkling stars and bright constellations gliding silently along the deep blue sky would be charged to him with a special message; the loneliness of the desert would arm with a deeper conviction that speech which day everywhere utters unto day; while the still small voice, which by the attentive listener is never unheard, would swell into grander and more imperious tones when the tempest swept with its forked lightnings and far-rolling thunder along the vast solitudes of the Meccan mountains. Thus was cherished a deep and earnest faith in the Deity as an ever-present, all-directing Agent; a faith which in after days the prophet was wont to enforce, from the stores of his well-furnished observation, by eloquent and heart-stirring appeals to the sublime operations of nature and the beneficent adaptations of Providence.

He often looked back to his shepherd life, and used to say that it comported with his prophetic office, even as it did with that of Moses and David. On one occasion as some people passed by with the fruit of the wild shrub *arak*, the prophet said to his companions: "Pick me out the blackest of these berries, for they are sweet; even such was I wont to gather when I fed the flocks of Mecca at Ajyād. Verily there hath no prophet been raised up who performed not the work of a shepherd."

When the prophet was now five and twenty years of age, his uncle, Abu Tālib, thus addressed him: "I am as thou knowest a man of small substance; and truly the times deal hardly with me. Now here is a caravan of thine own tribe about to start for Syria, and Khadija, daughter of Khurveilid, needeth men of our tribe to send forth with her merchandise. If thou wert to offer thyself she would readily accept thy services." Mahomet replied: "Be it so as thou hast said," and the shepherd went forth as a merchantman. All unused to this life, and with little experience of the world, his strong native good sense and sagacity served him on the occasion, and enabled him to escape the guiles of the wily Syrians, ever ready to take advantage of the simple Arabians. His expedition was a prosperous one, and he returned from the barter with the balance of exchange more than usually in his favour. And now occurs an important and pleasing episode in the life of Mahomet. The servant of Khadija sent him forward in advance to communicate to her his success. Khadija was a rich and comely widow, who had had many woes, but no one to her mind. Surrounded by her maids, she was sitting upon the upper story of her house, on the watch for the first glimpse of the caravan, when a camel was seen rapidly advancing from the expected quarter, and as it approached she perceived that Mahomet was the rider. He descended, entered the house, and with the courtesy and ease which were so natural to him, related the details of his successful journey, and enumerated the various articles of merchandise he had brought home with him. The widow was delighted with all she heard, and there was that in the demeanour and figure of the youth, his pensive eye and noble features, which pleased her more than her good fortune. After he had departed she could not dismiss him from her thoughts. The comely widow of forty, in short, was violently in

love with the young man of five and twenty, and set her wits to work how she might make him her husband. And now we shall give the reader a new version of "Love's Stratagem," and permit Mr. Muir in his own easy style to tell

HOW THE LADY WOODED AND WON MAHOMET.

She had resolved to live in dignified and independent widowhood, but the tender emotions excited by the visit of Mahomet soon overpowered her resolution. The servant Meisara continued to sound in her not unwilling ears the praises of his fellow-traveller. At last, her love became irresistible, and she resolved in a discreet and cautious way to make known her passion to its object. A sister (according to other accounts a servant) was the agent deputed to sound his views. "What is it, O Mahomet," said this female, adroitly referring to the unusual circumstance of his being unmarried at so mature an age,—"what is it which hindereth thee from marriage?" "I have nothing," replied he, "in my hands wherewithal I might marry." "But if haply that difficulty were removed, and thou wert invited to espouse a beautiful and wealthy lady of noble birth, who would place thee in a position of affluence, wouldst thou not desire to have her?" "And who," said Mahomet, startled at the novel thought, "may that be?" "It is Khadija." "But how can I attain unto her?" "Let that be my care," replied the female. The mind of Mahomet was at once made up: he answered, "I am ready." The female departed and told Khadija. No sooner was she apprised of his willingness to marry her, than Khadija despatched messenger to Mahomet or his uncle, appointing a time when they should meet. Meanwhile, as she dreaded the refusal of her father, she provided for him a feast; and when he had well drunk and was merry, she slaughtered a cow, and casting over her father perfume of saffron or ambergris, dressed him in marriage raiment. While thus under the effects of wine, the old man united his daughter to Mahomet in the presence of his uncle Hamza. But when he recovered his senses, he began to look around him with wonder, and to inquire what symptoms of a nuptial feast the slaughtered cow, the perfumes, and the marriage garment should mean. So soon as he was made aware of all that had happened,—for they told him, "The nuptial dress was put upon thee by Mahomet, thy son-in-law,"—he fell into a violent passion, and declared that he would never consent to give away to that insignificant youth a daughter courted by all the great men of the Coreish. The party of Mahomet replied indignantly, that the alliance had not originated in their wish, but was the act of no other than his own daughter. Weapons were drawn on both sides, and blood might have been shed, when the old man became pacified, and reconciliation ensued. Notwithstanding this stormy and inauspicious commencement, the connubial state proved, both to Mahomet and Khadija, one of unusual tranquillity and happiness. Upon the former it conferred a faithful and affectionate companion, and, in spite of her age, a not unfruitful wife. . . . Her house was thenceforward his home, and her bosom the safe receptacle of those doubts and longings after spiritual light which now began to agitate his mind. . . . Many years after, Mahomet used to look back to this period of his life with fond remembrance. Indeed, so much did he dwell upon the mutual love of Khadija and himself, that the envious Aysha declared herself more jealous of this rival whom she had never seen, than of all his other wives who contested with her for affection of the prophet.

The story of Mahomet's marriage, if it is true, is highly disparaging to his character at this period of his life. Wackadi, one of his biographers, gives the narrative twice in a differing form, and from different traditions, but adds that the whole story is a mistake. Mr. Muir, however, after some hesitation, admits its credibility. Until his fortieth year there is no other incident in the life of Mahomet which need detain us. He is still groping anxiously after spiritual life; he has conversed with pious Jews and knows something of their book; so also with Christians, and has some dim notions of their doctrines and their

book. His desire is to found a grand catholic religion, which shall absorb and comprehend the religion of both the Jew and the Christian, and to which both shall be able to give in their adhesion. He meditates much, and, we can well believe, prays much for guidance. In the first *sura* of the Coran we have perhaps the germ of his daily prayer:

Praise be to God, the Lord of Creation,
The All-merciful, the All-compassionate!
Ruler of the day of reckoning!
Thee we worship, and thee we invoke for help.
Lead us in the straight path—
The path of those upon whom Thou hast been gracious,
Not of those that are the objects of wrath, or that are
in error.

His favourite spot, where he retired to contemplate and reflect, was a cave in the declivities at the foot of Mount Hira, a conical hill, two or three miles north of Mecca. Thither he would retire for days at a time, and his faithful wife sometimes accompanied him. This mountain has since been called *Jebel Nur*, or Mountain of Light, because Mahomet is said to have received his first revelation there. The cave is said to be four yards long, and its width varies from one to three yards. It was in wandering about amidst the peaks of Hira, buried in reveries, where he first had a vision of the angel Gabriel, as his excited imagination led him to believe, who, approaching within two bows' length of the prophet, brought from his master the memorable behest,—"Recite in the name of the Lord who created;" and "thus was Mahomet," says our author, "by whatever deceptive process, led to the high blasphemy of forging the name of God, a crime repeatedly stigmatised in the Coran itself as the greatest that mankind can commit." Hereafter he began to preach, but his preaching was slighted by the Meccans. He inveighed against their idolatries, he spoke of the pure faith of Abraham, he suspended over them the terrors of a wrath to come, but his words were despised, and he was loaded with abuse. His first converts were the faithful and affectionate Khadija Zeid, his former slave, but now a free man, and little Ali, his nephew, whom he had adopted as his son, and who afterwards became so distinguished as a follower of Islam. Waraca, the aged cousin of Khadija, who had made profession of Christianity, was next added to the number of disciples; and then the celebrated Abu Bakr, of whom the prophet said: "I never invited any to the faith who displayed not hesitation and perplexity, excepting only Abu Bakr, who, when I had propounded to him Islam, tarried not, neither was perplexed." But the progress of Islam was slow; its professors were subjected to the grossest indignities by the bigotted Meccans; they were often imprisoned, and often their lives were in danger; but the prophet persevered. Persecution served only to give him greater assurance in the truth of his doctrines. His language grew ever bolder, and his pretensions more daring. He proceeded in the full conviction that he had God upon his side, and that Islam would ultimately triumph. His trust in the Deity was uniform and strong. Abu Bakr was the companion of his flight to Medina. They had to conceal themselves in a cave, and miraculously eluded the search of their enemies. It was a moment of real peril when they heard the voices of the enraged Meccans above them. Glancing upwards at a crevice whence the morning light broke into the cave, Abu Bakr whispered: "What if one of them were to look beneath him, he might see us under his very feet!" "Think not thus, Abu Bakr!" said the prophet; "WE ARE TWO, BUT GOD IS IN THE MIDST, A THIRD!" A finer sentence was never uttered by saint. We give from the pages of Mr. Muir

THE PORTRAIT OF MAHOMET.

Slightly above the middle size, his figure, though spare, was handsome and commanding, the chest broad and open, the bones and framework large, the joints well knit together. His neck was long and finely moulded. The head, unusually large, gave space for a broad and noble brow. The hair thick, jet black, and slightly curling, fell down over his ears. The eyebrows were arched and joined. The countenance thin but ruddy. His large eyes, intensely black and piercing, received additional lustre from their long dark eyelashes. The nose was high and slightly aquiline, but fine, and at the end attenuated. The teeth were far apart. A long, black, bushy beard, reaching to his breast, added manliness and presence. His expression was pensive and contemplative. His face beamed with intelligence, though something of the sensuous also might be there discerned. The skin of his body was clear and soft; the only hairs that met the eye was a fine thin line

which ran down from the neck towards the navel. His broad back leaned slightly forward as he walked; and his step was hasty, yet sharp and decided, like that of one rapidly descending a declivity. There was something unsettled in his blood-shot eye, which refused to rest upon its object. When he turned towards you, it was never partially but with the whole body. Taciturn and reserved, he was yet in company distinguished by a graceful urbanity. His words were pregnant and laconic; but when it pleased him to unbend, his speech was often humorous and sometimes pungent. At such seasons he entered with zest into the diversion of the moment, and now and then would laugh immoderately. But in general he listened to the conversation rather than joined in it. He was the subject of strong passions, but they were so absolutely under the control of reason or of discretion, that they rarely appeared upon the surface. When much excited, the vein between his eyebrows would mantle, and violently swell across his ample forehead; yet he was cautious if not cunning, and in action fearful of personal danger. Mahomet was generous and considerate to his friends, and by his well-timed favour and attention knew how to rivet even the disaffected to his service. He regarded his enemies, so long as they continued their opposition, with a vindictive and unrelenting hatred; yet he was rarely known to pursue a foe after he had tendered a timely submission. His commanding mien inspired the stranger with an undefined and indescribable awe; but on closer intimacy, apprehension and fear gave place to confidence and love. Behind the quiet and unobtrusive exterior of Mahomet lay hid a high resolve, a singleness and unity of purpose, a strength and fixness of will, a sublime determination, destined to achieve the marvellous work of bowing towards himself the heart of all Arabia as the heart of one man.

The above extract may be accepted as an excellent epitome of the prophet's physical and moral character. In his disposition there were undoubtedly strange contradictions. If he could love intensely, he could also hate intensely; if he could bless, he could also curse. The fountain of his heart, if it could pour forth sweet waters, could also pour forth bitter. In his maledictions there is something truly fearful. It is thus he curses Abu Lahab, his own uncle and the father-in-law of two of his daughters, who had offended him by his contemptuous bearing in an assembly: Damned be Abu Lahab's hands; and let himself be damned.

His riches shall not profit him, nor that which he hath gained.

He shall be cast into the fire of flame,
And his wife also laden with fuel.

About her neck shall be a rope of palm-fibre.

But now we are reluctantly compelled to take leave of the prophet and of Mr. Muir's two highly edifying volumes. We find that we have done them inadequate justice. His style is at once lucid and graceful, and he leads the reader over much critical ground, which from the pen of a less careful author we should be disposed to skip. For a correct history of the origin and progress of Islam, this is perhaps the most valuable treatise extant in our language. May the author be preserved to conclude his labours. In these two volumes he brings his history down to the era of the Hegira only. He concludes in these words:

If it please God to give the author time and opportunity for pursuing the subject, frequent, and often melancholy, illustration will be afforded by the career of the Prophet of Medina of that unconscious self-deception which can alone explain the mysterious foundation of a faith strong, but often descending to subterfuge, never wavering, yet always inconsistent.

To the merits of this work belong an excellent index and marginal notices, which greatly assist the reader.

Biographies of Distinguished Scientific Men. By FRANÇOIS ARAGO. Translated by Admiral SMYTH, Rev. BADEN POWELL, and ROBERT GRANT. London: Longman and Co.

THAT the name and labours of Arago should be regarded with reverence and admiration, is but due to his high position in the world of science, to his unbounded powers of mind, his clear perception, and his remarkable facility in expounding the mysteries of physical truth (with a knowledge of which he was so deeply imbued) in language capable of being comprehended by those comparatively uneducated.

But while we thus acknowledge his claim to one of the highest places among modern philosophers, we cannot accept him as a successful or trustworthy biographer. Eloquent in no small degree as these *éloges* undoubtedly are, valuable too as records of the progress of physical science during the periods of which they treat, their elo-

quence loses some of its influence and their value is diminished by their being tainted with a partiality and pervaded by a national prejudice which deprives the judgment of Arago of that weight which it would otherwise naturally possess, and renders his testimony open to suspicion whenever he has to determine on the relative merits of the various claimants to any scientific discovery.

The volume before us affords several instances of this blot on the escutcheon of one of the greatest men of modern days; but none strikes as being so flagrant as that in which he denies to Watt the merit of having, by the invention of his steam-engine, been the discoverer of the practical adaptation of the expansive force of steam as motive power; but claims it for Dr. Denis Papin, a native of France, who, when an exile, held the office of curator to our Royal Society during some portion of the time that Newton was its president. The injustice to the memory of Watt, and the distorted judgment of which Arago is thus, through his love of country, guilty, is ably exposed in a valuable paper by W. Fairbairn, which the translators have appended to this volume; and indeed throughout the whole volume the translators have supplied copious and learned notes, not only in correction of such errors as the above, but also in explanation of any scientific terms or references which occur or are involved in the text, and they have thus rendered this edition as eminently adapted for the perusal of those who have not had the advantages of a special scientific training.

Of the selection made by the translators we would speak in terms of highest commendation as fully effecting the object at which they aimed, viz., "to convey no inadequate impression of the progress of discovery throughout a considerable range of the whole field of physical science." For in optical pursuits, and researches into the theory and properties of light, we have the labours of Fresnel, Malus, and Young; as more purely mathematical investigations to discover the laws which govern the physical condition of the universe, we have those of Laplace, Fourier, and Carnot; theoretical and practical astronomy is ably represented by Baily and Sir William Herschel; and, lastly, in Watt we have the scientific engineer applying the labours of the theorist in such manner as to bear practically on the circumstances of every-day life. To those to whom the originals are inaccessible we can conscientiously and cordially commend the edition of the works of Arago (of which the volume before us is but one); and to others even the learned and lucid notes so liberally and ably supplied by the translators give it no small value.

Autobiography of Lutfullah, a Mohammedan Gentleman. Edited by EDWARD B. EASTWICK, F.R.S., F.S.A. Third Edition. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

No one who has read this simple and entertaining confession of an Eastern gentleman's life will be surprised at hearing that it has attained its third edition. The story of the shrewd, honest, and pure-minded Lutfullah is recommended by all the qualities which conduce to popularity; for it has the freshness of novelty, an unbroken intensity of interest, and that modesty which is always so delightful when the author is writing about himself. Those who have not already read *Lutfullah* should lose no time in doing so.

HISTORY.

1848. Historical Revelations: Inscribed to Lord Normanby. By LOUIS BLANC. London: Chapman and Hall.

WHILST we fully recognise and pay all honour due to the consummate talent of M. Louis Blanc, admit the honesty and patriotic zeal of his purpose, and admire the copious eloquence of his language and his powers of historical research, it seems to us, after a careful perusal of the volume, that its object is rather personal than general—that it is more a rejoinder by M. Louis Blanc to the attacks of Lord Normanby, than a vindication of the principles upon which the revolution of 1848 was based. If that be conceded, we are willing further to admit that it is a document of great value, throwing a powerful and searching light upon the confused events of that extraordinary crisis.

The most important part of this book is certainly its preface, and this opens with a compli-

ment to England—a compliment, too, paid with all the natural grace of a Frenchman:

It will ever be to the glory of England, that, in the middle of the nineteenth century, she should have been the only impregnable asylum in Europe for the exile driven from his country by absolutism or usurpation. The indomitable energy with which the English people have maintained the right of asylum is the more honourable, as they do not espouse the opinions of those they harbour, nor think either of countenancing their views or encouraging their hopes. How imposing the spectacle of a nation, whose genius is so eminently practical, running the risk of war rather than condescend to the ignoble task of hunting down the homeless.

In a note to this M. Louis Blanc adds:

Since this preface was written, I grieve to say that the British Government has instituted, under manifest pressure, political prosecutions, which are looked upon with alarm by all enlightened friends of liberty. Still, as I believe that these prosecutions will be condemned by juries and rebuked by public opinion in this country, I suffer what I have written to stand, and I confidently hope I shall have nothing hereafter to retract.

We are happy to say that this satisfaction of M. Louis Blanc is already fulfilled in part, and we have no fears respecting the acts of the drama which are yet to be played out.

Lord Normanby's book, and the necessity for replying to it, is then briefly but forcibly introduced by M. Louis Blanc:

When the revolution of February broke out, Lord Normanby was in Paris, where he had been sent for the special purpose of closely watching the movements of French society. Under his eye did those prodigious events take place, which made the heart of every oppressed nation throb with hope and joy. All around him did the air reverberate with shouts of patriotic enthusiasm, which were re-echoed from one end of the world to the other. No very strict investigation was required to be apprised of what was thundered out in each street, of what was done in the *Forum* by the whole people. Yet, strange to say, Lord Normanby seems to have seen nothing, to have heard nothing, to have known nothing. The spectacle proved, evidently, too grand for the spectator. The small-talk and the second-hand calumnies which his lordship has given to the public in the shape of historical records, are by no means of a nature to call forth a minute or even a serious refutation. Can any reflecting mind lay stress upon a book which is a one-sided register of idle rumours and unsifted reports? But, unluckily, it is no easy matter for the public at large to conceive how a man of high station, who was some time the representative of a great nation abroad, an ambassador of England, could have ventured to publish a work teeming with errors about events which he was so well situated to ascertain. From the very name of Lord Normanby, and also from the position he held in France, it is natural enough to infer that he must have known something of what he relates. Here is the danger. I take it, therefore, to be necessary to show, by opposing undeniable testimonies and documents to unsupported assertions, how little Lord Normanby is to be trusted, either in his statement of facts or his delineation of characters.

Penetrating into the body of the work, we are not long in arriving at the precise spot where the shoe pinches M. Louis Blanc most acutely: Lord Normanby has accused him of being merely "a secretary" in the Provisional Government, and of having gradually "crept up" from a subordinate position into one in the foremost rank. Whether this was so or not is a fact which is only material to M. Louis Blanc personally; with the revolution itself it has little to do, beyond affording a proof (where no proof is needed) of the hopeless confusion which prevailed at the time. But for this accusation of Lord Normanby, we very much doubt whether the volume before us would ever have existed; certainly a very large portion of it is devoted to an attempt at disproving it, and M. Louis Blanc has taken the trouble to have a fac-simile made of the first proclamation issued by the Provisional Government as documentary evidence in his favour. Yet, after examining the arguments of M. Louis Blanc, and the proofs which he adduces, we are bound to say that we cannot bring our mind to the conclusion at which he appears to arrive so easily. We do not consider it to be a matter of much importance to the French nation, or, indeed, to anybody in particular, whether M. Louis Blanc was or was not originally appointed secretary; but since he insists upon going into the evidence, we will oblige him by doing so. First let us take his own account of the first meeting of the Provisional Government, the list of which was concocted by the staffs of two newspapers in concert, and which was adopted by a mob of Parisians on behalf of the whole of France:

The scene was one deserving of notice: M. de Lamartine looked radiant, M. Ledru Rollin resolute, M. Crémieux excited, M. Marie suspicious and gloomy. The face of M. Dupont (de l'Eure) betrayed a feeling of noble resignation. M. Marrast had on his lips his usual inquisitive smile. M. Garnier Pages seemed rather out of countenance. As to M. Arago, how uneasy he was! How different from himself! Had not his declining health accounted for his depression of spirits, the change would have been inconceivable. He had been an intimate friend of mine for about six years; far from objecting to my political views, he was known to be one of my warmest eulogists; more than once, before taking a decisive step, he had confided to ask my advice, with a degree of confidence of a nature to put me to embarrassment, as I felt it was not for me to counsel a man so much older than I was. How he happened to alter his mind in the space of a few hours is more than I can make out. Certain it is that, on the 24th of February, as soon as he saw me, he became disconcerted, and began to question the validity of those elections which had not been carried at the Palais Bourbon. I need not say that the matter dropped immediately. "Come! Come!" exclaimed M. Garnier Pages, "the Provisional Government must of necessity be divided into various departments. It cannot do without good pungen;" and, pointing to MM. Marrast, Flocon, and myself, he dropt in his familiar, easy way the word *secretaries*. We attached no importance whatever to the designation, which seemed to refer only to our professional habits. Nor was it the proper time for clinging to petty personal pretensions and disputing about trifles, when we had to look to public interests, in a most formidable emergency. The main point was, that our opinion should fall into the scale with its full weight, and such was the case. From the very moment anything came under deliberation, all of us were called upon to decide, on a footing of perfect equality. It must even be remarked, as will be seen in the subsequent chapter, that the three persons who, in the evening of the 24th of February, set on the council to pledge themselves to the service of the Republic officially and irrevocably, were M. Ledru Rollin, M. Flocon, and myself.

Certainly we can entertain no surprise that the cultivated Arago should be dissatisfied with the formalities of an election, in which the nominees had been put up at a newspaper-office and the suffrages had been the clamours of a crowd. When, however, this dramatic piece of historical painting is thoroughly sifted, what remains is, that the members so elected appointed MM. Louis Blanc, Flocon, and Marrast secretaries, and that these gentlemen accepted the appointment. Turn we now to the document which M. Louis Blanc invokes as his conclusive proof, and which he has caused to be so carefully copied. Surely, if we needed any evidence of the state of confusion into which everything was plunged, it is here. Covered with blots, in some parts utterly illegible, and with signatures some of which have been written by hands manifestly unsteady, is the first proclamation of the Provisional Government; yet with all these difficulties to contend against, a careful examination enables us to elicit two very important facts. According to M. Louis Blanc's own statement, the draft of this proclamation, the fac-simile of which is given, was written by M. de Lamartine, the handwriting throughout (with the exception of a correction written by M. Louis Blanc) perfectly coincides with the signature of the poet at the foot of the second page. Now, in the front page of this draft we find the Provisional Government appointed in the following words and blots:—

Un gouvernement provisoire sorti d'un [blot] ation et d'urgence par la voix du Peuple et des Députés des [blot] partements dans la séance du 24 fevrier, est converti momentanément du soin d'assurer et d'organiser la victoire Nationale. Il est composé de

M. M. Dupont (de l'Eure),
Lamartine,
Crémieux,
Arago (de l'Institut)
Ledru Rollin
Garnier Pages,
Marie.

Le gouvern [blot] pour secrétaires MM. Armand Marrast, Louis Blanc, et [blot] Flocon.

In spite of blots and other difficulties, what we elicit from this part of the document is clearly that the Government really did consist of only seven members, and that MM. Marrast, Blanc, and Flocon were added as secretaries. It is true that at the end of the second page, where the signatures (or rather, where some signatures) are affixed, M. Marrast is the only one who describes himself as "secretaire," a fact which proves that M. Marrast, at any rate, accepted the appointment and understood his position in the new Government. After searching among the blots very carefully, we can detect only the signatures of MM. Lamartine, Crémieux, Garnier

Pages, Dupont (de l'Eure), Maire, F. Arago, Louis Blanc, and "Armand Marrast, secrétaire." Neither M. Ledru Rollin nor M. Flocon signed the document. The signature of M. Louis Blanc is there, and without any addition. But what does that amount to? He signed a document which recognised him as *secretary*, and as *secretary only*, and whether he added the title (as M. Marrast did) or not, is a matter of no possible importance: it is sufficient that he ratified it by his signature. What, then, does M. Louis Blanc mean, when he says,

Now, let the reader glance at the fac-simile of the first proclamation signed by the Provisional Government; he will find that my signature, as affixed to the original document, is followed by no such designation as that of *secretary*, which was added, I know not by whom, in the printed copy of the *Moniteur*.

It might have been vanity, or it might have been for some more respectable reason, that M. Louis Blanc did not acknowledge the title which he had formally accepted by the signature to the proclamation; into that we have no opportunity for inquiring. It is sufficient for us that the statements of M. Louis Blanc and the documentary evidence which he adduces strengthen rather than weaken Lord Normanby's case.

In describing his colleagues in the Provisional Government, M. Louis Blanc is rather hard, though perhaps justly so, upon M. de Lamartine:

To describe and analyse M. de Lamartine's nature, I could do nothing better than to apply to him what the author of "Jane Eyre" puts in the mouth of the heroine of that most beautiful novel: "My sole relief was to allow my mind's eye to dwell on whatever bright visions rose before it; and certainly they were many and glowing; to let my heart be heaved by the exultant movement, which, while it swelled it into trouble, expanded it with life; and, best of all, to open my inward ear to a tale that was never ended,—a tale my imagination created and narrated continuously, quickened with all of incident, life, fire, feeling, that I desired and had not in my actual existence." Such is M. de Lamartine. He is incessantly labouring under a self-exalting hallucination. He dreams about himself marvellous dreams, and believes in them. He sees what is not visible; he opens his inward ear to impossible sounds, and takes delight in narrating to others any tale his imagination narrates to him. Honest and sincere as he is, he would never deceive you, were he not himself deceived by the familiar demon who sweetly torments him. His eminent qualities I do acknowledge; but in his narratives I cannot find anything else than the confessions of a *haschisch* eater. Accordingly, I will not stop to refute the innumerable and glittering fancies with which he has spangled the recital of his triumph over the stormy multitudes. Nor will I complain of the fantastic part he assigns to me, when he says I appeared to him like a pallid phantom, "à travers cette espèce de nuage que l'improvisation jette sur les yeux de l'improviseur." To discuss from an historical point of view mere optical illusions would be perfectly childish. Stripped of all exaggerations, the account of what fell out amounts to this (and my testimony is worthy of belief, since in that emergency I stood constantly near M. de Lamartine, and witnessed all that was going on). M. de Lamartine presented himself before an armed crowd with praiseworthy courage, as did all his colleagues on many a similar occasion, and on this very occasion, those among them who happened to be at the Hotel de Ville. There were in the throng a certain number of over-excited persons, as was the case daily for more than two months on the Place de Grève, at the Luxembourg, at the Préfecture de Police, everywhere. But the people at large did not seem disposed to any act of wild violence. That a shot might have possibly been fired by some unknown and unseen hand is not to be denied; but I am bound in duty to state that the accounts of the transaction, all more or less copied from the fanciful recital of M. de Lamartine, have magnified the peril beyond measure. In reality, the prevalent feeling was a marked tendency to suspicion, nothing more. M. de Lamartine had a clear, satisfactory explanation to give, but no general hostility to surmount. As for me, I was in a position of extreme perplexity, as I could neither speak contrary to my conviction against the red flag, nor make a public appeal in its favour; a step sure to be attended with the overthrow of the Provisional Government, at the risk of an immense and irretrievable confusion. Under such circumstances, if anything fatal had occurred, it would have been my lot to suffer for an opinion which was not my own. But, I must repeat it, this was not very probable, as it is by no means congenial to the generous people of Paris to strike at men who, not being in a condition to defend themselves, come confidently forward.

Who does not remember what followed? M. de Lamartine was exalted to the skies, for having got a signal victory over this most formidable enemy of humankind. . . . the red colour; and it escaped the attention of everybody, it escaped the attention of Lord Normanby himself, who was in constant com-

munication with M. de Lamartine, that the conqueror of the red colour was obliged to wear and actually wore a red rosette in his button-hole, in obedience to a decree to which he had appended his own signature. Of course, it was given out by those hardened in their hatred to the republic, that society had been seen for a moment verging to its utter destruction; that fortunately a few words issuing from the magical lips of M. de Lamartine had wrought a miracle; and that, contrary to all human calculations, a Republic had actually been installed, without everything being put to fire and sword. Meanwhile, in Paris, where there was not a *sergent de ville*, not a soldier left, a hundred thousand famished workmen, armed to the teeth, were making themselves a voluntary police; not a drop of blood was shed, owing to the conduct of the sanguinary partisans of the red flag, then in complete possession of the street; the houses of the rich were guarded by the poor, and men in rags stood as sentinels at the gates of their calumniators.

Of M. de Lamartine, as a champion of liberal principles, nothing can now be said. Alas, for the dignity of human intellect! he has fallen even beneath the level of contempt. There is not a name affixed to that fac-similed proclamation which does not shine gloriously in comparison with that of the poet-president. For the third or the fourth time in his life the hat is now going round for the relief of "distresses," which have been engendered by luxurious habits in which he had no right to indulge. With his eyes open, and in the full possession of his wits, Belisarius stands by the roadside and receives an obolus from whosoever will give it him—from the rogue as from the honest man; from the thief as from the good Samaritan; from the murderer and the perjurer as from the man of honour. The Emperor of the French has dropped 400z. into that hat, and the poet has taken the alms with a mendicant's whine. What more can be said?

It is impossible to follow M. Louis Blanc through all the windings of this eventful story. The book itself will probably be perused by the great majority of our readers. As a sample of the dramatic power which it occasionally displays, and of the excellent English in which M. Louis Blanc has had the ability to clothe his ideas, we extract a passage which concludes with a picture worthy of Bellangé :

The exertions of the Provisional Government in that eventful night may be said to have been prodigious. We had to meet innumerable demands, we had to look to all sorts of exigencies which admitted of no delay; in fact, chaos was to be reduced to order. Among the decrees dated February 24, one is more especially worth being mentioned, as its very laconism gives a curious specimen of the omnipotence with which we found ourselves invested. To abolish the Chamber of Peers, these words were traced in haste : *Il est interdit à la Chambre des Pairs de se réunir*, and that was all. But, after so much toil, nature began to claim her due, for I think none of us had broken fast yet. Unfortunately, nothing was to be got. By dint of searching, the starving dictators of France were so befriended by fortune as to procure some black bread which the soldiers had left, a bottle of wine, a bit of cheese, and a pail of water just brought in by a goodnatured workman. There being no vessel, the next difficulty for them was how to get at their drink. By another lucky chance, a cracked sugar-basin was discovered, which passed round, like the cup filled with more generous contents in an ancient banquet. The operation was merrily conducted, and M. de Lamartine, smiling, said : "Voici qui est de bon augure pour un gouvernement à bon marché." I must not omit a particular which illustrates a striking feature in the character of the Parisian workmen. As I felt exceedingly fatigued and wanted to put off my national guard uniform, I tried to make my way home, accompanied by my brother and a friend of ours, through the dark narrow streets which went winding on from the Hôtel de Ville to the Maison Tortony, where I then lived. The barricades stood still erected, and were guarded by the people with anxious watchfulness, on account of a rumour that an attack was to be made from the troops stationed at Vincennes. The pass-word, *havresac, liberté, réforme*, was rigorously exacted. At one of the barricades I was stopped, being neither known to the commander, nor aware of the pass-word, and put under arrest with my brother and my friend, till our case could be inquired into. In that predicament, it occurred to me to say that some of the workmen employed in guarding the barricade could not fail to recognise me, and I requested they should be summoned to my presence. Accordingly they came in, and, seeing me, shouted, "Vive Louis Blanc!" Of course, I was released, and given an escort home. I shall never forget with what feeling of extraordinary respect those terrible combatants received—the republic being now proclaimed—the announcement that a member of the Provisional Government was passing, and with what mixture of military discipline and civic pride they presented arms. My reason for stating this, is to show that the Parisian workmen,

so jealously attached to the principle of equality, and prompt as they are to overthrow any government inconsistent with it, are nevertheless just as ready as other people to do homage to a power of their own choice. It was not long before I returned to the Hotel de Ville. The people bivouacked in the streets as in a camp. Great fires were here and there burning, which cast their lurid light on groups of faces wonderfully expressive, while now and then was heard, in the stillness of the night, the sinister cry of the distant sentinel, as he challenged, "Sentinelles, prenez-garde à vous!"

With this, and with a hearty recommendation of the volume to the perusal of all who feel any interest in one of the strangest of all the strange crises in the history of France, we take leave of M. Louis Blanc.

The Rise of the Dutch Republic. A History. By John Lothrop Motley. 3 vols. Vols. II. and III. (London: Routledge.)—This new and cheap reissue of a standard history is now completed. No library should be without it. Although the price is so small, it is handsomely printed, and will be an ornament to the bookshelf.

RELIGION.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WHEN it is objected to Protestants by writers of the Church of Rome that they disseminate the Holy Scriptures in a reckless and inconsiderate manner, leaving it a mere chance whether the persons into whose hands they fall may not *wrest them to their own destruction*, the objectors, either wilfully or unknowingly, pass over the numerous aids furnished by Protestants towards the due understanding of the word of God. Witness the host of publications with which the press teems upon the subject, from the humble child's book up to the laboured exposition and commentary. Not a week passes without the appearance of something of the kind. All, of course, are not equally noteworthy, so that we shall be readily excused if we only call the attention of our readers, from time to time, to those of prominent merit. To such a class belongs the following : *Saint Paul's First Letters: a Commentary, Plain and Practical, on the two Epistles to the Thessalonians.* By the Rev. JOHN EDMUND, M.A., formerly Fellow of the University of Durham. (London: Bell and Daldy.)—This work, while it is modest in its pretensions, is both useful in character and careful in its execution. Its aim is to do something towards supplying "a commentary for our better educated middle classes, for our national schoolmasters, now so much more highly instructed than formerly, and for that large and influential body, the Sunday-school teachers. My idea of the middle-class commentary," he says, "is that it should be in strict accordance with the doctrine and discipline of the Church, should illustrate her ritual, and should recommend her to the esteem and affection of her children, by proving her close adherence to the word of God. It should give a critically correct account of the sacred text, not neglecting its minutest particles, and at the same time should never lose sight of the reverence due to Holy Writ, asserting the plenary inspiration of Scripture, and treating it as inspired. The book should be devotional; it should be evangelical, in the true sense of the word; it should be practical, setting forth such moral and religious lessons as the text inculcates; and it should be plain and easy in style, so as to be intelligible to the greatest possible number, to minister pleasure as well as profit to its readers, and to win its way into the widest possible circulation." We have no hesitation in saying that our author has succeeded in producing just such a work as he has here described. We have carefully examined some of his notes, and have found them to be both learned, perspicuous, and instructive. The method in which he pursued his task appears to us the best that could have been adopted—"weighing every word as it came, examining the structure of the sentences, and particularly attending to the connection between sentence and sentence, between paragraph and paragraph," &c. This we conceive to be the only true and proper mode of arriving at the sense of the inspired writings. We also feel bound to commend him for his independence in first forming his ideas of the meaning of the apostle from the language of the epistle itself, before consulting the labours of others upon the same subject. When, at length, he does this, his criticism upon the different commentators appears to be con-

ceived in a spirit of unusual impartiality, and with a strict regard to their respective merits. The few remarks upon the "Chronology of the Pauline Epistles" are very carefully drawn up. The history of the city and church of Thessalonica has many features of interest, not only for the biblical student, but also for the general reader. In conclusion, we may say that Mr. Edmunds need feel no fear of a comparison being instituted between his commentary and Barnes's useful "Notes," for, without wishing to disparage the American commentator, it requires but very little examination to perceive that the present work is one of a higher standard.

Another work upon the Apocalypse, and as useless and fatuous as any of its predecessors!—*The Nature and Purpose of God as revealed in the Apocalypse. Part II.* (Edinburgh.)—There is no publisher's name to this volume—a fact that does not surprise us; for what respectable literary accoucheur would like to associate his name with such a monstrosity? It seems that there have been two volumes like the present already printed. We do not recollect to have seen them, and hope we never shall. The author speaks of the great labour he has expended in producing the series. Labour thrown away! time woefully wasted!—we beg to assure him—and money mis-spent! For whatever purposes the Apocalypse was written, it certainly was never intended by its inspired author to foreshadow such things as the repeal of the Test and Corporation Act, Lord John Russell's Jew Bill, and Lord Palmerston's defeat on the China question, as the present writer would have us believe. Such a work being altogether out of the pale of criticism, we shall say no more about it.

Three Introductory Lectures on Ecclesiastical History. By WILLIAM LEE, D.D., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, and Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Dublin. (Dublin: Hodges, Smith, and Co.)—Given a person who has already a tolerable acquaintance with the facts of ecclesiastical history, Dr. Lee's lectures will assist him greatly in digesting and assimilating his knowledge. The study is one which is now generally admitted to be one of supreme interest. "The truth has at length been acknowledged that battles and sieges, the official acts of governments, the changes of dynasties, are not the only facts to which historical narrative should extend. The relation of events to each other, their mutual connection, their causes and their effects, all in short that constitutes the philosophy of history, are now universally received among the facts that must be studied, narrated, described. Of the events which make up history thus understood, none have had such influence on the universal interests of the human family, none present such affinities with all that concerns the welfare of man, as the spread of the Christian faith, the establishment of the Christian Church. The Christian clergy as a body have ever been men of the people, and no surer index can be found of a nation's civilisation at any stage of its progress than the lives and the intellectual culture of the ministers of religion." It is quite evident that in such an undertaking as the present, namely, a rapid review of the wide field of ecclesiastical history, an author cannot afford to dwell for any long time upon this or that epoch. Still his summary is admirable; and the slight sketches that he now and then gives of the condition of the world at particular periods—as for instance in the age of Augustus, and at the sacking of Rome by Alaric—induce us to look forward with considerable interest to his promised course of lectures on "the causes remote and proximate of the Reformation." Dr. Lee's admirable fitness for such a task is abundantly shown in these preliminary lectures.

Modern Romanism, British and Continental: a Popular View of the Theology, Literature, and practical Workings of Popery in our time. By the Rev. JAMES A. HUIK, of Wooler. Second edition. (Edinburgh: Moodie.)—The author of this work has watched with a careful eye the recent workings of the Church of Rome, and has here given us the result of his observations. Much may be learned from his little volume, both as to the aims of the Church of Rome at the present time, and the various modes by which she seeks to carry out her policy. That policy he shows to be still the same as ever, namely, the exaltation of the ecclesiastical authority above the Scriptural. All Romanism, moreover, is now Ultramontanism. There is no longer a Gallican Church; the Jesuits and Louis Napoleon are completely *d'accord*; where the press generally has been proscribed,

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Transactions of the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society. Vol. I. Part 2. London: Printed for the Society.

The second part of the first volume of *Transactions* issued by this young, thriving, and most valuable society will be received as a welcome boon by all who take any interest in the past history of our great metropolis. Among the valuable papers given is an account of Bishopsgate Ward, being the first of a series of papers entitled "Walks in the City," by one of the most zealous and useful of the members, the Rev. Thomas Hugo. This paper is plentifully illustrated by a great number of beautiful drawings of old architectural relics, panels, carvings, chimney-pieces, doorways, and the like. There are also accounts of Middlesex in the time of the Domesday Survey, by Edward Griffith, Esq.; of an "Answer filed in Equity respecting the Park and Common at Hanworth, temp. Charles II.;" of a "Stone Coffin and Roman Pottery found at Bow," by B. H. Cowper, Esq.; and of "Roman Remains near Newgate," by G. R. Corner. The transactions at the various meetings, including the pleasant excursions to Hampton-court and the Tower, which have been already described in this journal, are fully given. Altogether it is a production highly creditable to the enterprise of the society and the learning of its leading members. From a list appended, we learn that the society already numbers nearly four hundred members.

Lectures and Essays on Various Subjects, Historical, Topographical, and Artistic. By W. SIDNEY GIBSON, Esq., London: Longman and Co.

A VALUABLE and interesting collection of lectures and of contributions to various periodicals, emanating from the pen of a very cultivated gentleman. The lectures (especially those upon Poetry and the Fine Arts, and the Historians and Literature of the Middle Ages) are of especial value as models of style in that species of composition. If all the gentlemen in England who have qualifications and opportunities in any way equal to Mr. Gibson would devote a little of their leisure time to the improvement of the people in this manner, more might be done than by the exertions of any central organisation for diffusing knowledge by rule.

The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century
A Series of Lectures delivered by W. M. THACKERAY, Esq. London: Smith, Elder and Co.

WHILST we cannot give in our adhesion to everything put forward in these celebrated lectures, we are fully prepared to admit their value as clever, witty, and frequently just analyses of an important section of English literature. We think, therefore, that the public has reason to be grateful for this cheap edition of a work which all would like to read, but which has hitherto been beyond the reach of economical book-buyers. The edition is well printed, convenient in size, and will be a welcome boon to all who value the writings of him that is, with all his faults—of which Pessimism and want of pathos are the chief—undoubtedly one of the greatest writers in the language, the most analytical and *Balzacian*—pardon the word—among our novelists.

The Hawkers and Street-dealers of Manchester.
By FELIX FOLIO. Manchester: Abel Heywood; London: T. W. Grattan.

This little brochure is, to use the old illustration, as full of matter as an egg is of meat. Felix Folio is, as the Cockneys say, "up to a thing or two," and may be regarded as a sharp fellow even for a Lancashire man. His revelations as to the tricks put upon travellers and others by the hawkers and street-dealers in the north of England are really, as the title-page claims, *pro bono publico*. A glance over these pages will save many a man and many a notable housewife from being taken in by these folks—at least if anything will save them, which we take leave to doubt; for the great majority of persons are fond of illustrating the saw of old Hudibras, that—

The pleasure is as great
In being cheated, as to cheat.

La France ou l'Angleterre? Par ISCANDER (A. HERZEN.) Londres: Trübner and Co.
The name of M. Herzen is sufficiently well-known to entitle him to a respectful audience.

He is an opponent of the old Russian system, as incarnated in the late Emperor Nicholas, but believes in the regenerating policy of his present majesty, Alexander II. Commenting upon the difficulties which have arisen between the English and French Governments, and upon the possibility, which has been suggested, of a coalition between Russia and France, he points out the immense advantages to the former of cementing an alliance with England, rather than with a power which must be regarded as anything but progressive in its policy. M. Herzen warmly eulogises the conduct of England in proudly refusing to alter her laws at the dictation of a foreign power. His pamphlet is ably written, and deserves to obtain by translation an extended popularity in this country, which, in its present condition, is scarcely possible.

Mr. Redford, late acting assistant-surgeon to H. M. 58th Regt., has issued a *Memorandum of Improvements suggested in the Medical Service of the Army* (J. Churchill). The pamphlet contains the views of a practical man clearly expressed, and is well worthy a careful perusal. There is a description and drawings of a new plan of equipment for the medical staff corps, with complete stretchers and medicine pouches, &c.

The Triple Curse; or, the Evils of the Opium Trade on India, China, and England (Judd and Glass), is the report of a speech delivered by Mr. J. Passmore Edwards at the Guildhall, Bath. *Public Competition for Public Works*, by "A Bystander" (London: J. E. Taylor), is a letter to the First Commissioner of Works, laying bare the evils of the competitive system. That the evils of the system are many, is a fact known to all; and perhaps the worst of that is, that the competition is a mere farce—the result being generally determined before the trial takes place.

Personal Liabilities of Directors of Joint-Stock Companies under the Fraudulent Trustees Act. By Henry Lloyd Morgan. Second Edition. (Effingham Wilson.)—Pamphlets do not often attain the honour of a second edition; but the vital importance of the subject to the numerous body of joint-stock directors renders it far from strange that this has been so distinguished. The case is clearly and fairly stated by a man of full knowledge and experience in the subject.

The late Genoa Insurrection Defended. By Joseph Mazzini. (Holyoake and Co.)—With due regard to his admitted ability, we are compelled to join with those who look upon Signor Mazzini as a visionary enthusiast. He is one of that most dangerous class of politicians—the men with One Idea. His one idea is the emancipation and nationality of Italy. To achieve that, nothing is a crime. Sardinia is being governed by a constitutional king, who gives daily proof of a liberal disposition. What of that? For Sardinia to stand aloof from a general insurrection interferes with the nationality of Italy; ergo, Sardinia must be revolutionised and her king "put down." So, at least, argues the Signor Mazzini.

La Conspiration Russe de 1825, par ISCANDER (A. Herzen), affords an insight into the internal affairs of Russia from the point of view taken by an able political writer, who believes that Russia is regenerating herself, and that Alexander II. has adopted a more liberal code of politics than that laid down in the will of Peter the Great, and accepted by his worthy successors, Catherine II. and Nicholas.

A Letter to "The Times" on Mazzini, Napoleon, and the Freedom of the Press. By Alfred B. Richards, Esq. (London: James Pattie.)—An eloquent and earnest philippic against the *Times* and Louis Napoleon. Mr. Richards is an Englishman to the back-bone, and if his views be a little too extreme and his language occasionally too strong for the disciples of the *laissez faire* school, at least he is honest.

The Rise and Progress of Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand. By D. Puseley. London: Warren Hall and Co. 1858.—We have now to chronicle the issue of the fourth edition of this invaluable manual for emigrants, and the fact is too eloquent in its praise to need any dilation on our part.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The London Review (No. 19) opens with an article on Christianity in India, in which, having traced the history of its progress, admits it

to be very unsatisfactory. The writer puts in a claim for more energetic efforts on the part of the British public, and more active exertions on the part of the Government, and it calls upon the press and the public to keep up a constant stimulus upon the rulers of our Eastern empire. This is the real danger of the substitution of a Parliamentary government for the present one. An extremely interesting review of Atkinson's "Siberia" is the best analysis we have seen of that valuable work. "Lady Travellers in Norway" is another review of the same class. Darling's "Bibliography" is a curious and interesting paper. But the "Marriages and Deaths" is one of the most readable and instructive abstracts of the Registrar-General's reports which has yet been made. The "Danubian Principalities" will assist the study of the controversy, which is not yet brought to a close.

The British and Foreign Evangelical Review (No. 24) also treats of proselytism in India in much the same spirit. Another paper of merit is on the "Inspiration of the Scriptures."

The *Christian Examiner* also discourses on India, but in a very large and liberal spirit. Buckle's "History of Civilisation" is carefully reviewed, as so great a work deserves to be. "Unused Powers" is the singular title of a very powerful paper on a book lately published in America with the still more singular title of "The Dietetics of the Soul."

The Celt is a magazine devoted to Celtic antiquities, &c.

The Art Journal, for April, gives engravings of Zuccarelli's picture of the "Spring Head," and Frederick Tayler's "Young Falconer," in the Royal Academy. Other illustrated articles are on the "South Kensington Museum," and Mrs. Hall's "Book of the Thames." Hulme is the artist chosen for illustration, and woodcuts of three of his best works are given.

JUDGMENT ON MACAULAY AND SCOTT IN RUSSIA.—We find the following lines in an article on "English Country Mansions," published in the February number of the "Circulating Library," and signed Count Orloff Davidoff:—"Such are the words of the illustrious representative of the Whig party in England. The wonderful extent of his reading in historical documents of all kinds, national songs, fly-sheets, letters, and family chronicles, and his taste for all that exhibits popular and domestic habits, give to his history a peculiarly picturesque character. If Ritter can be surnamed the Michel Angelo of geography, we will be bold enough to call Macaulay the Rembrandt of biography, and the Ruyssael of statistics. He is at times harsh, and when he finds, as is often the case, grounds for impugning a prevailing opinion, his indignant and impetuous logic swells to extreme acrimony. Softness of character, amiable qualities, nay, the greatest misfortunes, cannot temper the violence of his invective on the culprit whom he drags to the bar of posterity. He is afraid of praising, and finds it safer to find fault, and a great master he is at bringing home to an individual, general highly thought of for his writings or doings, some dirty act which was performed, alas! by the same person. We see in the Vatican a pensive face of a blind man, and 'Onges' is engraved on the pediment of the bust. Now Macaulay, the great foe of all illusion, is the man to fit up in the ruins of Ithaca the crooked image of a hump-backed and squinting man, and great would be his triumph could he prove that Homer was as ill-favoured as Pope, as envious, perhaps, and a detractor of Hesiod. In this respect he is a remarkable contrast to a still more illustrious countryman of his, one who loved to bring to light the redeeming qualities of sinners, and who, though no less averse than Macaulay to falsehood, could pity the frailties of human nature and exult in her virtues. He, indeed, did not balance every word of praise by two of disparagement. Of course, unconditional veneration is idolatry; criticism is the *sine qua non* of history, and Livy would find it difficult nowadays to palm upon us his spotless sages and his merciless tyrants. But criticism, in pulling to shreds that texture of good and evil which is the very character of man, perplexes the judgment and makes it sceptical of virtue. The great historian, and greater novelist, have points, however, in which they seem to agree, and even to change parts. The Whig historian is by no means averse to the high sounds of such names as Talbot, Russell, De Vere, and their magnificent style of life and lofty bearing exercise evidently a charm on his imagination; and the Tory poet, albeit an aristocrat, when he recounted as the most striking episode of the coronation of George IV. the moment when the peers in Westminster-abbey put on their coronets, is more of a Whig than Macaulay, when he speaks in his diary and most intimate letters of his farmers and other humble friends, now grown immortal by the sympathy and earnest solicitude which Walter Scott expressed for their welfare.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

LITTLE boys and girls at play enact the parts of lords and ladies, for it is, "You shall be queen and I shall be king, and Mary shall be the little princess, and we shall live in a grand palace, and have horses and carriages, and servants, and gold and silver." Children never play the game of poor people. They imagine themselves clad in silks and satins—always finely attired; and serge and homespun are far from their thoughts. Hence it has been argued that we all come into the world with aristocratic instincts; we would all stand on the highest round of the social ladder, regarding with contempt or pity the great multitude of persons who scramble at its foot. The books which most please young people are those in which great or wealthy personages play a part. Poor people are tolerated for the sake of contrast. It is true that the great people are often very foolish and very wicked people, and that the poor are sometimes made interesting through the display of some heroic act, or the possession of some humble virtue; and yet it is doubtful whether one would not rather occupy the station of the wicked baron than of the virtuous peasant. The wicked lord is never such an ugly being as the wicked serf; nor is the virtuous milkmaid so heroic as the virtuous countess. The sentiments of youth we carry with us into mature age, just as we carry its superstitions. It is true that we do not believe that vice or virtue is the heritage of any particular section of the social family, any more than we believe in ghosts and goblins; but there is a *something* which, with all our philosophy, we cannot shake off. The novel and romance are incomplete without lords and ladies, and their plebeian contrasts, and a ghost story is relished nathless we are destitute of the juvenile faith. The pieces put upon the stage share the characteristics of the juvenile game and the juvenile book. They are nothing unless there are lords and ladies brought forward to play a part; and in those countries where aristocracy is most ignored, this tendency to worship blazonry and golden images is, perhaps, the most marked. America is democratic, and yet respects stars and garters; France is republican, but still does honour to titles. It hates the *parvenu*, although he should feed all the poor at his gates; it excuses the member of an ancient family, whatever his foibles and irregularities. A way of escape is generally found for the coroneted scamp; but public exposure and an ignominious end awaits the man who cannot reckon a pedigree beyond his grandfather. A comedy lately produced by two academicians has set us a-thinking of such matters. On the stage it has met with indifferent success, but with that we have nothing to do. The veteran Scribe and Ernest Legouvé have, jointly and severally, as the lawyers would say, given us the *Dogts de Fée*. The moral of the piece is the reward which attaches to independence and honest industry; but the moral is not wrought out to the satisfaction of the critics. The scene is laid in modern Brittany, which ought to be a very moral country if we can believe all that we read. The principal personages are marquises and marchionesses, counts, countesses, and even a duchess. They are not the mushrooms of yesterday or this morning, but stony old oaks, having their roots deep in the soil, with spreading branches, from which depend many genealogical medallions. These old oaks, however, see with regret the progress of brambles and the rapid growth of poplars. They drop their acorns, but these never take root; they are devoured by swine, or choked by common brushwood. They are no longer regarded as state timber. And thus the Duke of Ploërmel-Lesleven, member of an ancient family which once exalted its head to the heavens, is so surrounded by brambles and democratic saplings, that he is robbed of all his sap, and dies in misery, leaving behind him an only daughter Helen, who, of course, is fair as the day and pure as a lily. The orphan has numerous relations, aunts, uncles, dowager grand-aunts, and all with rich châteaux in Brittany. Some one in common charity must take charge of the titled orphan, and she is received into the house of her grand-aunt the Countess, and her uncle the Count of Lesleven. They have received into their house, at the same time, another niece and

orphan, Bertha de Ploërmel. Now Helen is penniless, and just tolerated in this aristocratic family, and Bertha is rich, having an income of two hundred thousand francs a-year. Helen is made the Cinderella of the family, and Bertha is confidently regarded as the one whose foot the glass slipper will fit. No prince, indeed, comes a-wooing; but Bertha is taught to set her cap at the dear son of the Count and Countess, the Viscount Tristan de Lesleven, a radical in politics, with a strong tinge of the *roué* within him. He studies law, and studies at the same time his inclinations. He is more smitten with his penniless cousin, who has to repair torn laces, get up clear-starching, mend robes, and attend generally to the wants of the wardrobe, than with Bertha and her tempting income. Learned academicians, we here perceive, cannot get beyond the vulgarity of the nursery tale. Beauty and patience, amiability and self-sacrifice, belong to the poor orphan, and the opposite virtues belong to the rich one. This pitting of poverty against riches belongs to a very primitive state of the stage, and must meet with the sympathy of most boys and girls. Tristan falls in love with Helen, and Helen, who never tells her love, falls in love with Tristan. The parents of the latter discover the state of affairs, and by way of humiliating the poor orphan, write to all her rich relations to give her board and lodging for three months in turn. They all refuse. The pride of the poor orphan takes fire, and she disappears. No one cares about her flight except Tristan, who seeks for her everywhere, especially in Scotland, where she has obtained the place of companion to a lady. Two years pass away, when we find the young lady orphan in Paris. She is still very pretty, and very accomplished, and very independent, and has commenced business as *marchande de modes*. She is a dressmaker of the first order, has distinguished customers, and if one robe at a ball is more admired than another, that robe has come from the magazine of Madame Hermance, for such is the pseudonym under which she takes refuge. Madame Hermance is quite the rage with all the fine ladies of Paris, and has wonderful influence with duchesses, the wives of ministers of State, and superannuated *roués*. She is very virtuous, and, though bombarded, has repeatedly obliged every assailant to raise the siege. Meanwhile the Count Lesleven, her first *protégé*, has ruined himself, and her cousin Tristan, through his follies, is in no better state. The Count comes to Paris to obtain the concession of a railroad. This would retrieve his fortunes. It is the neglected orphan and the successful modiste who comes to his aid. She repays evil with good. More, she pays the debts of her cousin Tristan, who has descended to the condition of a blackleg almost, and becomes his wife. Such is an outline of the comedy of the *Dogts de Fée*. We are not satisfied with the story, nor with its moral; but two academicians may view the matter in another light. Suppose the poor orphan, to preserve her independence and honour, had, instead of choosing the calling of a fashionable milliner, chosen that of a lady's-maid, or a servant of all-work, what a deal of poetry it would have dashed out of the picture. A critic, more hard-hearted than ourselves if possible, objects to Helen having chosen the exceptional condition, which provokes not our wants, not tastes of an excusable frivolity, but foolish passions, whose least evil is to raise a ruinous impost on the budgets of families and public morals. "A young woman belonging to the social aristocracy by birth or education, finds herself all at once an orphan and deserted; she can place her future in the hands of Providence, and seek simply the bread of life in a modest position, obscure, difficult, in manual labour even! Doubtless she will not receive the homage of the world, nor of the *demi-monde*, nor of certain academicians; but she will have done her duty in the eye of God, and she will be happy—for one of them—Madame Sand—wrote five and twenty years ago, as a protestation of conscience on the front of her least bad book: 'Le bonheur, c'est le devoir rempli.'

From comedy to the prose of a catalogue of manuscripts, is rather an abrupt transition, but we desire to meet all tastes. A Jesuit, Father Martinhof, has published a small, but interesting, brochure upon "Les Manuscrits Slaves de la Bibliothèque

Impériale." We gather that the Imperial Library possesses more Slavonic manuscripts than the libraries of Germany, and yet their number amounts to forty only. Father Martinhof precedes his catalogue by some summary remarks on the Slavonic language and its different dialects. He writes with the confidence of one who has a thorough knowledge of his subject. "The *Paleo-Slavonic*," says the author, "is the language in which were made the first versions of the Bible, the liturgical books, and the Fathers of the Church. Spread by this means among all the Slavonic peoples, having become the language of the Church and of science, the Paleo-Slavonic easily obtained the supremacy over the other Slavonic idioms, which it exercised from the ninth to beyond the thirteenth century." But this language soon became corrupted. It experienced the same vicissitudes as the Latin language, which became to be pronounced differently in Italy, France, and Spain. It experienced the same vicissitudes as did the ancient Gothic, as did the Semitic languages, as the Sanskrit. The human ear is not uniform in its perceptions; the human tongue is not uniform in its utterances. Differences of speech and differences in idiom will grow up among people of the same descent, and the most nearly associated topographically. The Essex peasant, for example, and the Sheffield grinder both claim to be English, but the one is wholly unintelligible to the other, where each uses his *patois*. The Father has confined himself to giving a summary of each manuscript, fixing its date, and giving extracts from it, where they appear to possess a general interest. Thus he quotes from an orthodox chronicler in the council of Florence. Says this chronicler of the Latin Catholics:

What have you found good among the Latins? Is it the respect due to their churches which attracts you towards them? To raise the voice in the manner of madmen, to introduce into the chant artificial quivers of the voice, is not to respect the house of God. To play the organ, to sound the trumpet, to dance with the hands, to beat with the feet, to mix other sports of this kind, which certainly entertain the demons, behold in what consists their worship. Their doctors cut the beard and moustaches, as if they would more please persons of the sex, and the faithful go to the holy-table accompanied with their dogs.

Russian writers accept this as a correct portrait of the Latin clergy to the present day. Among the manuscripts is one on the "Fabulous feats of Alexander the Great," which may be compared with the occidental traditions of the same monarch. *La vie de notre saint Père Siméon, instituteur et docteur, seigneur et autocrate des pays Serbe et Pomorieux*, occupies several pages of Father Martinhof's catalogue. The author of this life is the son of the same Simeon, the Kral Stephen, surnamed the First-crowned, who reigned from 1222 to 1228. Saint Sabas, another son of Simeon, has also written a work upon his father more generally known. The catalogue contains mention of various liturgical works, which may possess an interest in the eyes of those who are engaged in liturgical pursuits.

The law of libel. We are not lawyers, and do not pretend to understand it. One rule holds good here, another there; but the historical libel, that is the grand puzzle. Could the heirs of Oliver Cromwell have recovered against the royalist historians who wrote him down as a regicide? Can the heirs of the Quaker Penn recover against the accusations of Macaulay? Must the historian write to please the prepossessions of living parties? He may have his leanings assuredly; but when he believes he is writing the truth historical, must he be punished because the truth is unpalatable to living relations, or because he is in possession of the partial truth only? Our French allies believe so, and act upon the belief. The editor of the *Mémoires du Maréchal Raguse* has been prosecuted by the family Beauharnais, for publishing in these memoirs certain things affecting the loyalty and good faith of Prince Eugène Beauharnais, and the Imperial Court has delivered sentence against the editor, condemning him to pay expenses, and to insert in a new edition of the work documents which go to disprove the libel. The memoirs certainly say hard things respecting the Emperor, and respecting the Prince Eugène. The former

he seems to have thoroughly appreciated, the latter he sets down as a somewhat second-rate personage. The effects of the sentence of the Imperial Court have had the natural consequence of driving every one into the *Salon de Lecture*, to peruse the obnoxious *mémoires*. Apropos of *mémoires*—those of M. Guizot have appeared. More than five thousand copies were taken the first day in a few hours. In a recent number we mentioned the article on Balzac, in *L'Artiste*, from the pen of Théophile Gautier. In the last number of this work, wherein he continues his theme, he gives the following anecdote :

One day we were dining together at the house of M. E. de Girardin, when he (Balzac) related to us an anecdote of his father, to prove to what a strong race he belonged. Balzac, the father, placed in the house of a lawyer, dined, according to the usage of the times, at the table of his master, with the other clerks. Partridges were served. The lawyer's wife, looking askant at the new clerk, said to him, "Monsieur de Balzac, can you carve?" "Yes, Madame," said the young man, blushing to the ears, and boldly seized the knife and fork. Ignorant of culinary anatomy, he divided the partridge into four, but with such vigour that he clove the dish, cut the table-cloth, and made a gash in the wood of the table. This was not adroitness, it was strength; and dating from that day, added Balzac, the young clerk was treated more kindly.

The French see more in such anecdotes than we can see.

The *Journal général de l'Instruction publique* contains a statement with regard to invention in the electric telegraph which is worth repeating. The Abbé Caselli, of Florence, has made a discovery which will effect a radical change in the transmission of telegraphic despatches. By a mechanism, and a procedure newly invented by the Abbé Caselli, they have succeeded in transmitting, it matters not to what distance, the *fac-simile* of manuscripts and of designs (even with letters and coloured figures) made with a pen upon common paper, moistened with a liquid of several substances. The possible transmission is 60,000 letters an hour. The transmission of despatches, or of engravings, does not depend on the hand of man; for the mechanism, put in motion by electric or magnetic power, works alone, and the telegraphist has no other occupation than that of placing the despatches under the mechanism, and to raise them already telegraphed. The procedure is very simple. The telegraphing paper should be rolled upon a cylinder, and at the station where the despatch ought to arrive they have only to roll prepared white paper upon another cylinder. It is upon the latter that the *fac-simile* is produced. If one can give full faith to this statement, we should believe that a complete revolution is about to take place in the electric telegraph.

FRANCE.

L'Agriculture et la Population. Par M. L. DE LAVERGNE. Paris.

THE more France is the land of revolutions the less it is the land of solid improvements; the more it is the land of theorists the less it is the land of reformers; the more it would teach all other countries the more it needs to be itself taught. M. de Tocqueville has said of his compatriots with profound truth, that they have an aptitude for everything, but that they excel only in war; and it is because they excel in war that the world in general permits them unquestioned to be braggarts. French literature is lively and clever, but unsubstantial and unsuggestive. French eloquence is bombast; French art is a failure except in toys and trinkets; French poetry we can neither praise nor condemn, simply because it does not exist. The great reproach which may be justly hurled at the French as a people is, that possessing a realm so vast, so magnificent, so fertile, they have been able to do so little with it. The valuable and truly patriotic work of M. de Lavergne shows that agriculture in France makes no real progress, and that the population instead of increasing is declining; whereas France ought to be the garden and granary of Europe, while, considering its immense natural advantages, more rapidly than in any other part of Europe ought population in France to augment. The explanation of results and of a condition so deplorable is, that however formidable the French may be in masses, the individual Frenchman is and feels himself to be a weak and insignificant creature, who seeks to hide his puny limbs and puny voice in mighty cities, and dares

not encounter the mountain breeze which refreshes, and the ocean blast which strengthens. This want of self-reliance, of enterprise, of the broad chest, of the majestic tread, of a healthy relish for a healthy universe, cleaves the deep gulf between the Frenchman and the Englishman. The latter is strongest when cast on his own energies alone. He gives force to association, but he asks none from it. All depravity and all disease begin alike in debility. Vigour is moral, the potent muscle is holy. Dwarfs and hunchbacks are more frequently than their neighbours malignant and sensual. There is so much in the Frenchman of the tiger and the monkey from the consciousness of feeble sinew. The French are called social, but they are merely gregarious, after the fashion of sheep and for the same reason as sheep. The artificial barriers to hearty social intercourse abound more and assume a much uglier shape in France than in England. There are certain commonplaces which are always paraded when the French character is discussed—such as that the French are extremely vain, and that they prefer equality to liberty. But we must go deeper if we would thoroughly understand the Frenchman. Unit for unit, head for head, the French are less armed with genuine and persistent pith than any other civilised race. Hence their gregarious tendency; hence their childish affection and ostentation; hence their boastfulness, disgusting and ridiculous; hence their fussy propagandism; hence their feverish uneasiness and incessant restlessness. They are so continually in movement as to be incapable of growth, and growth the French have never had. What in other communities would have been growth, has with them been an aggregation of impotences. The impotences, by rushing together according to certain laws of mathematical symmetry, have tried to disguise themselves; and with tolerable success too. French unity, of whatsoever units composed, has always been more than a match for divided foes; simply, however, because they were divided. Against a united England, France has invariably failed; against a united Italy and a united Germany, France would fail no less signally. The French and their morbid appetite for insurrection have become so huge a nuisance, that it is well to know how that nuisance can be put down—it is by allowing Prussia to absorb Germany, and Piedmont to absorb Italy. This would render the French perfectly harmless, and compel them at the same time to develop the resources of the noble kingdom which they inhabit. For it cannot be denied that the French would do more at home if they did not fancy that they had a part so notable to play abroad. It is somewhat absurd that the French should dream that their mission is to be the apostles and the soldiers of civilisation as long as they do not know how to drain or to cultivate half an acre of ground. There is no charlatanism in modern days so intolerable as this. The praters about sociology are puzzled how to deal with guano! They who would solve ten thousand social problems cannot vanquish weeds or reclaim marshes! France, the morally corrupt—France, the politically degraded—France, the materially stagnant and wretched—France, that should repent in sackcloth and in ashes, and, purified by penitence, silently, painfully, resolutely toil—France would fain be the Minerva of earth's countless millions, an infallible revealer of wisdom as well as a goddess on the battle-field. We have no patient ear for her rhetorical apocalypse. There has been too much a disposition everywhere in these recent generations to substitute words for deeds. When we see words taking wholly the place of deeds, as in France, there is pity in our hearts, but there is far more indignation than pity. M. de Lavergne is one of the few Frenchmen who think that it would be better for his chattering compatriots if their tongues were less and their hands more busy. He evidently looks with little favour on the present Government; but his dislike to imperialism has neither biased his opinions nor coloured their expression. His objection to imperialism is not at all theoretical. He complains, though without naming Louis Napoleon, that enormous sums have been squandered in the embellishment of Paris, while the provinces have been wholly neglected. The silly, servile persons who in England have been the adulators of a man whose aims have never been high, and whose talents do not rise above mediocrity, have allowed themselves to be dazzled by the magic of architectural transfiguration in the French metropolis. Let them ask any honest Frenchman the cost of that

gorgeous and marvellous magic, and let them blush for the ignorant and idiotic extravagance of their idolatry when they hear. In the exact degree that Paris has flashed a manifold wonder, on the joyous and unthinking traveller, has desolation swept over the fair fields of France. M. de Lavergne confesses that Paris now transcends for grandeur and beauty all other capitals; but that this should be so fills him not with delight, but with shame and sorrow. To convert Paris into one prodigious theatrical decoration demands only the theatrical genius with which every Frenchman is gifted. It may excite our astonishment, but why should we admire it more than any other feat of legerdemain or of sceneshifting? Louis Napoleon, or rather that gang of godless adventurers of whom he is the tool, had a double object in architectural achievements which rebuke our London tardiness, and mock our London abortions: to dazzle the stranger, and to give employment to the wild, rebellious arms that take to building barricades when no more orderly work can be provided for them. The stranger has assuredly been dazzled, and assuredly the wild, rebellious arms have forgotten their Titanic cunning for a season. But M. de Lavergne is a political economist, and its as merciless as political economists generally. He proves by an irresistible array of hard statistical statements that sometimes whole departments have been depopulated to swell the huge battalions to whose thoroughly French and inexhaustible ingenuity is intrusted the stupendous transformation of Paris. We all know the means by which the Pyramids and other immense monuments of Oriental despotism were raised. How many thousand of human lives were sometimes sacrificed for one tyrant's whim! The land ceased to give its increase, and Famine maddened the shriek of Despair, that some monstrous agglomeration of brick or stone might perpetuate to all ages the memory of an insane or wicked king. Wherein does the Parisian delusion differ from those ancient and deadly wrongs? Now, here we are not entering into the region of politics proper; it was not for a political purpose that M. de Lavergne wrote his book; it is not for a political purpose that we are writing this article. We have uniformly viewed the French alliance as both disgraceful and disastrous to England, which as little needs allies as Rome at the height of its power and the full effulgence of its glory. But politics apart, morality apart, the curse, the scourge of retribution, and the solemn judgments of posterity apart, it is plain from M. de Lavergne's book, even if we had no other evidence, that as regards the outward prosperity of France, the empire has been a signal failure. We do not believe that Louis Philippe was influenced by nobler motives in his long reign than those which mould the career of Louis Napoleon. A low and selfish ambition inspired the Bourbon as it now inspires the Bonaparte. Yet unquestionably there was, however slow, progress of a strictly material kind under Louis Philippe. Under the most enlightened and disinterested monarch, material improvement could not in France be rapid. Emile de Girardin said, after Louis Philippe had been for a few years on the French throne, that there were fifteen millions of Frenchmen who could not learn otherwise than through the almanacs the destinies of Europe, the laws of their country, the march of the sciences, of the arts, of industry. The insolent conduct of the French priest party, of the French obscurantists altogether, demonstrates that herein, if matters have changed at all, they have changed for the worse. Many virtues are ascribed to the peasantry of France, and by none more warmly or lavishly than M. de Lavergne. But what avail those virtues when knowledge does not flow and debate is not free as in England? They who are so fond of representing England as an uneducated country forget that the education of a country really consists in the magnificent current of its life, and in this way no country is so well educated as England. In the rural districts of France, on the contrary, there is a sluggishness drearier than that of the Dead Sea. The true educators in England are public opinion and public spirit. What equivalent to or even like these can you find in France? Multiply schools for primary instruction in France, multiply them to the same extent in England, you will not have added to England's life, you will not have conferred on France a life which no mere intellectual agency can confer. Is it so easy a process anywhere to displace the mechanical by the natural? But it is the bondage of the mechanical which in

France has to be broken. How is an enlightened and disinterested monarch to set about this? He has to contend with habits which, springing from the national character, have been gradually forming during a thousand years. To rule England is to rule that which rules itself. Nothing more is needed than that every man should be allowed to do that which is good in his own eyes, so far as he does not make other men uncomfortable. This, of course, can only be viewed as the preparation for catholic culture; yet, often as we may dislike the apparent anarchy, how fertile a preparation for catholic culture it is! In France it would be of small avail to allow every man to do what was right in his own eyes, for he would be totally at a loss what to do. To rule France, therefore, is to cut channels along which every individual will may, as mechanically as possible, run. Hence are French politics so hopeless. They are hopeless, because if an enlightened and disinterested monarch strove to breathe into them spontaneousness, he would be almost sure to be overthrown. The rulers the most popular with the French are they who satisfy most their mathematical and mechanical yearnings. This would seem to be caricature or calumny if it were not confirmed by the whole of French history. The government of the first Napoleon introduced into French politics certain Italian maxims and Italian ideas. To these his nephew is faithful, modifying their application by schemes and crotchetts of his own. This is his chief blunder. To hold permanent sway over the French no kind of Machiavellianism is needed. The simpler, the direc^ter the oppression, the more readily will they submit to it, provided the predominant mathematical and mechanical in them is respected. If Louis Napoleon fall, it will not be as an oppressor, but as the too slavish disciple of the subtle Italian school. An outcry is raised against him for muzzling Cousin, Villemain, Thiers, and the rest of the pedants and rhetoricians. We doubt whether this be an evil: we are half inclined to deem it a blessing. Rigmarole is a French disease; and to force France to silence is to heal at least one of her maladies. But any one who carefully peruses M. de Lavergne's wise and weighty pages will marvel much that even, if only for the sake of appearances, Louis Napoleon should not have made some slight attempt to benefit and to impel the agriculture of France. French agriculture suffers from the most preposterous and detestable monopolies, from the want of a class corresponding to our country gentleman, from the want of another class corresponding to our yeomanry, from clumsy and lazy farming, from the minute subdivision of the land, and from many other causes. In the way of amelioration stands, as we have already admitted, the omnipotence of the mathematical and the mechanical. But since the French themselves are so obstinate and prejudiced, might not much have been done by colonisation? There are large tracts belonging to the crown, there are larger tracts lying waste, so that the experiment would have been easy. Indeed, it is to colonisation that we look for the redemption of France. No part of France flourishes except where, as in Normandy, some strong race has been conqueror. It was a misfortune for France that it did not remain for two or three centuries under English dominion. The colossal English massiveness blending with the Gallie vivacity would have conferred on France that whereby England excels France, without destroying that whereby France excels England. The continual influx of new and stalwart tribes into our country has been our country's salvation. But in the exact degree that there has been influx, there has been efflux, and England has been no less indebted to the one than to the other. It is pedantic to speak of the Anglo-Saxon element instead of the one grand English nation. Not by reason of the Anglo-Saxon element is England strong and a conqueror, but through the flowing together of so many various elements, and we wish the cant and the lie about Anglo-Saxonism were henceforth to cease: for that it is a lie as well as a cant has been most learnedly and logically demonstrated. Just, indeed, because there has not been the prevalence of any particular element, has England marched stupendously on, even as from the same cause Rome was irresistible. Now, in France there has been too much of Gallic blood. The influence of the Franks was superficial and transitory, and the Gauls are essentially what they were in the time of Julius Cæsar. They are as they always were, a singularly unprolific

people; and a season has at last arrived when the population, instead of increasing, is diminishing. It is the object of M. de Lavergne's volume to furnish full and accurate information regarding the state of agriculture in France, and also suggestions for salutary change and victorious enterprise. But the title of the volume shows that he considers the state of the population and the state of agriculture to be closely connected. We are sorry that, while lamenting the decline of the population, he should uphold the horrible Malthusian heresy. This is a delicate matter, which we would as tenderly as possible touch; and we are too much disgusted with the indecent speech in which the political economists indulge when alluding to it to imitate them. Unfortunately, however, without meeting and mastering the question of population, we are unable thoroughly and comprehensively to estimate the hindrances to France's moral and material progress. French licentiousness is proverbial; far more odious than the licentiousness are the unnatural practices, which would lead us to believe that the French are descended from some handful of the wicked that had escaped the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. If Sodom and Gomorrah were not spared, why should France be spared when persisting to sin as Sodom and Gomorrah sinned? In England there may be vice, but it is seldom unnatural. It is the outburst and the excess of passions strong and healthy. All through the French community, however, leprosy, loathsome, monstrous depravity runs, and the consequence is that the race, as if accursed, and as if God had renounced it, and earth were ashamed of it, is visibly vanishing. What can stay the plague? Nothing, except what we have proposed—colonisation. There is no one to anathematise, there is no one to cure the evil, for the priests are as corrupt as the rest of French society. There is guilt of so deep a die that no moral agency has any power over it. An irruption of the barbarians, some vast outpouring of nature's forces alone can vanquish it. Such violent medicine cannot too soon be administered to the woes of France. In its absence let colonisation be tried. The Government could have no difficulty in obtaining English, or Scotch, or Irish, or Scandinavian settlers, planting them on the waste lands on the simple condition that they reclaimed them; it could exempt them from taxes for a certain number of years. Three or four millions of settlers, vigorous, industrious, virtuous, would in a brief period alter the entire aspect of France. What is wanted is men offering the example of triumphant individuality, men achieving for France what the English and the Scotch have achieved for Ireland. Statesmanship in modern times is timid, and limits itself almost exclusively to repression, otherwise what we have suggested would have nothing of a visionary or impracticable character. It would be a fruitful revolution in a country where revolutions have so often been fruitless. Yet in recommending, we can scarcely say that we hope, France will probably continue to be as at present, feverish at home and troublesome abroad; gaining nothing by victory, learning nothing from defeat. As annoying to its neighbours as Poland, it may have the fate of Poland. Many eyes wept for Poland; none may be found to weep for France. That we may not seem to our readers to have been speaking of France too despondingly, we advise them to study M. Lavergne's book. His tone is almost more despairing than our own. He can see consolation nowhere except in the good qualities of the French peasant; but, as may be gathered from our remarks, slender here is the trust. That the French peasant can labour hard and fight hard we deny not, but he cannot invent or dare in the industrial sphere; and those of his countrymen who ought to guide, to instruct, to encourage him, lead a life of sin, and idleness, and frivolity at Paris. Hence at last everything in the French peasant hardens and concentrates into a wretched parsimony. He is rescued from prevailing debauchery only to become the most hateful of misers. Sad must be the lot of a land where, amid countless lusts, the lust of gold is almost exalted into a virtue. Ought there to be more than the merest, most commonplace civility between that land and our own? Cordial friendship there cannot be; better, therefore, that there should not be the pretence of friendship. France may pollute us, but we cannot purify France. We can benefit France more by noble deeds that all the world can applaud, than by a hypocritical alliance.

ATTICUS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, April 28.

MADAME RISTORI, who is again in Paris, has appeared in a new tragedy, in which she is truly sublime. It is founded on the "Judith" of the Apocrypha—a tale of patriotism and devotedness, very beautifully worked out by a young poet, Signor Giacometti, and its success has been so great, that it is expected to run for the whole series of the Italian representations.

The sale of poor Mille. Rachel's dresses, plate, and furniture, has been going on for some days. It is a sad tragedy. Seldom have the characteristics of the lower class of the tribe of Israel been more disgustingly brought out than by the persons who direct, and have an interest in, this melancholy sale.

Among the lately published works here, one has especially commanded attention, which it will surprise you to hear is a collection of sermons, such things being generally little regarded in Paris. But, as Hamlet says, it is "miching malicho," and means mischief, though not by any means to a dangerous point. Independently of their literary merit, which is considerable, their publication affords a handle for some little political spite, in which a sly stroke can be thrown in against the Government and against the Church, without bringing their assailants quite within the scope of prosecution. The author is a well-known popular preacher, who obtained permission last year to preach the Lent sermons in the chapel of the Tuilleries. Here the Emperor is a regular attendant with the Empress. As eldest son of the Church, the Sovereign of France is expected to be rigidly attentive, in exterior at least, to the forms of the Catholic faith. The author, Père Ventura, is a man of sense as well as eloquence, and as such, while acknowledging the real benefits which the usurpation of the 2nd December conferred on the country, is quite alive to the inroads upon the liberties of all classes, and the overthrow of all that is liberal in the institutions of the country, effected by the Emperor, and has taken occasion very frequently to read him a lesson on the subject. This is done with so much tact that it is next to impossible to take offence. But the officious friends of the Emperor, whose sycophancy is as stupid as it is mean, are so maladroite as to reprint certain passages, and point out the worst meaning that can be drawn from them, hinting at treason and sedition where nothing but wise and well-meant admonition is intended. In one of his sermons the reverend pastor, dealing with the evils of despotism to the power that wields it, alluded nominally to the first Napoleon, but *de facto* the present Emperor who sat under his eye.

Look, (said Father Ventura), look to France, which has lived and suffered under six revolutions in the space of eighty years. Overthrows of power, all pregnant with instruction to those who will read them rightly. They first began with the despotism of royalty, which having thrown off all political control by destroying the Constitution of the country, afterwards sought to free itself from all religious authority by rising in insurrection against the Church. But this pride, which set itself equally above Divine authority and human censure, was dearly paid for. That absolutism was struck down by the very doctrines it had encouraged. Disregarding the protection of Heaven, and the support of man, it was overthrown by a reign of evil without precedent in the annals of mankind—the reign of atheism, falsehood, and destruction, which, under the name of freedom, perpetrated every crime, and called down upon France the execration of the universe. I allude to the government which terrified the world at the close of the last century; which the Almighty shattered to pieces in a few moments, after permitting it to exist for a short time as a lesson to man. We then find a colossal power rising as the restorer of order, and raising the altars of religion from the blood-stained ruins amid which impiety and crime had prostrated them, snatching the nation from approaching dissipation and effacing its many shames. Do not fear that in this spot I should forget the respect due to the exalted rank I see before me. But as there is no star without its eclipse, no beauty without blemish, no virtue without imperfection, so is there no genius without weakness. It is then not surprising that, dazzled by the radiance of a higher glory than ever man before him had arrived at, and surrounded by a delusive atmosphere, he should have yielded to the flattering, but deceitful idea, that material force alone was sufficient to enable him to rule and to secure his empire.

This was pretty strong; but the reverend preacher, perhaps feeling he had gone too far, at least far enough, here drew up the reins of his eloquence, adding that his punishment was accompanied by consolation. "A merciful judge

had deposited in his tomb a seed of life, and obscured his star only to make it shine anew. The living proof is before us."

A painful literary war has been waging for some time in Paris between M. Lamartine and his critics—if this honourable name is to be given to that little snarling class of writers who seize the moment of attack when the object of their diatribes is least capable of defending himself. Lamartine has left himself open to assault in many points—who that has written so much, has not? But it is only the base and malevolent would choose the hour a man is plunged deep in distress to torment him with the paltry, peddling gossip raked up from the filth of the revolutionary press, in which, not his talent but his honesty—not his ability as a writer, but his integrity and honour as a man, are assailed with scandalous inventions which it is a positive disgrace even to reply to. His enemies assert that his view in bringing about the Revolution of 1848 was simply because it afforded him the means of paying off the pressing debts with which at that moment he was overwhelmed. To disgusting fabrications like these what reply can be made? the absurdity of such falsehoods ought to render them harmless. For in the first place no human being had a conception, two hours before the catastrophe, that a mere mob without organisation and a handful of brazen journalists with Marrast at their head, could have overthrown an established government with every means of offence and defence in its hands. It was most truly observed at the time, that the men in all France who were the most surprised at that most unaccountable event, when they went to bed on the night of the 24th Feb., were the members of the Provisional Government. The notion therefore that Lamartine contemplated a "revolution" with a view to pay his debts, is such a self-evident piece of stupidity as to be scarcely worthy of contempt. Yet, strange as it is, the story is believed, and the subscription M. Lamartine's friends are endeavouring to raise for his relief is suffering in consequence. Thus it is in this world of ours. A few brief days of popularity and really good service—though probably over-coloured at the moment—must be paid for by years of slander and misrepresentation. Had he been made of "sterner stuff," Lamartine would have stood much higher in the eye of history, as well as with his countrymen; but for the paltry malice of the *Figaro*, and such animalculæ, he can well afford to despise it.

Talking of Lamartine's subscription, calls to mind an anecdote recorded of Alexander Dumas on the subject, for the literal truth of which, however, I would by no means wish to be answerable. "Alexander (says the *Courier*) is understood to be in high dudgeon against M. Lamartine on account of the subscription recently opened for the orator, statesman and poet. On hearing of the design to raise the money, 'Sapristi' (exclaimed Dumas), 'je suis enfoncé—j'avais compte sur une collecte comme une ressource pour mes vieux jours; mais ce chenapan Lamartine m'a tout chippé!'"

GERMANY.

Trésor des Livres rares et précieux, ou nouveau Dictionnaire bibliographique, &c. Par JEAN GEORGE THÉODORE GRAESSE, Conseiller Autistique, Bibliothécaire du feu Roi Frédéric, Auguste II., &c., &c. Première Livraison. An-Amarasinha. Dresden. 1858. Royal 4to. in double columns.

This is the first number of a new bibliographical dictionary, founded upon the "Manuel du Libraire" of M. Brunet, the "Allgemeines Bibliographisches Lexicon" of M. Ebert, and the "Bibliographer's Manual" of Mr. Lowndes. Booksellers' catalogues have been liberally consulted, and instead of quoting the prices only from sales by public auction, they are frequently referred to in preference, as fixing the market value of the books mentioned.

Hofrat Graesse is already favourably known as the author of the "Histoire Littéraire Universelle," published at Dresden in 1837—1857, in three volumes, which, though but little read in this country, has been praised by continental critics and reviewers as one of the most profuse of its class. In the present laborious publication, his object is to supply a want long felt by literary men—a general work of reference, comprising in one and the same alphabet, in the form of a dictionary, arranged under the names

of the authors when known, the titles of upwards of one hundred thousand works in all the known languages of the world.

That record of its kind, the Manuel of M. Brunet, excluded designedly a host of books from its columns which the plan of Dr. Graesse thus brings under our notice; whilst Ebert's Lexicon, being little better than a bad copy of good original, followed almost servilely in the steps of M. Brunet. Mr. Lowndes' Manual confines itself exclusively to books printed in or relating to Great Britain and Ireland. It is, therefore, no slight task which the author of the *Trésor des Livres rares* has set himself; because he proposes to include all works in all known languages which possess any interest to the scholar; and though in M. Brunet he may have a tolerable guide as to the treasures of French, Italian, and Spanish literature, in Mr. Lowndes one equally efficient as regards English, Scottish, and Irish books, and in M. Ebert one less so in all that appertains to German, he has from other sources to supply most of the information which he gives respecting Northern, Slavonic, and Oriental literature, as well as that which serves to illustrate that of the remaining Teutonic races.

Such an undertaking deserves every encouragement. Probably had the catalogue of the British Museum been printed, it might not have been needed; but as the publication of that catalogue has been put off to the Greek Kalends, let us be grateful that an individual comes forward to give us something sufficiently extensive to fill up the void.

A good catalogue is the rarest of all books. We are therefore not going to find fault with Dr. Graesse's *Trésor*, because it falls short of our estimate of what a good catalogue should be, and that we cannot refrain from a smile, now and then, as books which are worth their weight in gold are priced at a few of the infinitesimal coins of continental states. As bibliographers we are not guided by such prices; but we are sure the quotation of them rather detracts than adds to the value of the work. Indeed, in rare and curious books so much depends upon the constitution of the individual copy, that one copy shall be worth as many pounds as another is worth shillings. It were wiser perhaps to omit these prices altogether, unless in the case of works of great rarity, and then we are inclined to think the plan of M. Brunet by far the best, in quoting chiefly from catalogues of celebrated libraries disposed of by auction, instead of thrusting forward the names of booksellers who are scarcely known beyond the precincts of the little German towns in which they reside, and whose accidental possession of a rare book is no true criterion of its market value. The ascertained value is chiefly established in London and Paris, the great marts for book-rarities; and a bibliographical dictionary professing to record that value should, in a great measure, confine its quotation of prices to those which prevail in England and in France.

It is presumed that the work will not exceed one hundred and fifty sheets, or some twelve hundred pages; and if we might suggest the omission of the collation of all books of secondary rarity and interest, such as the Aldine *Aesop* of 1505, of which most accurate collations already exist, as in this case in M. Renouard's "Annales des Aldes," it might reduce that amount considerably. Dr. Graesse has one great advantage, which he appears to have freely availed himself of—he has ready access to the Dresden Library, and enjoys the personal friendship of Dr. Klemm, its chief librarian, who, like himself, is passionately devoted to the study of bibliography. We are sure, notwithstanding its shortcomings—and what bibliographical work is not full of such—this *Trésor des Livres rares et précieux* will be welcomed by all who are fond of literary pursuits as one of the most useful manuals yet presented to them.

AMERICA.

Letters to the President on the Foreign and Domestic Policy of the Union, and its Effects as exhibited in the condition of the People and the State. By HENRY C. CAREY. Philadelphia: Lippercott and Co. London: Trübner and Co.

Mr. CAREY, who is one of the ablest and fullest writers on political economy in America, and who has already published some most valuable treatises on the currency, slave trade, wages, credit, and other cognate subjects, here sums up, in a series of very admirable letters to President

Buchanan, the causes which have led, and are still, in his opinion, leading, to the decay of the American system. It is neither possible nor desirable to enlarge upon such subjects in these columns; but to all who desire an acquaintance with the inner workings of that system of trade which has lately produced such disastrous results on the other side of the Atlantic, we recommend a perusal of Mr. Carey's pamphlet.

ITALY.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)
The Carnival and Masquerades—Opera and Theatres—Salvini and Gherardo del Testa—Pius IX. at the Sapienza University—Professor Sanguineti's Lectures on Marbles—Canina's Posthumous Works—The Exhibitions and Art.

(Concluded from p. 187.)

THE sacred celebrations during Carnival are of more than common splendour. Every day is the picturesque devotion of the Via Crucis at the Colosseum; and there could be no contrast more striking than between the gorgeous solemnity at the great church of the Jesuits, when the Senate attends in full state, on the last evening at sunset, and the scene at the same time passing without, the hour of devotions coinciding exactly with that of the Carnival's most brilliant and final jubilation. Beautiful music, as well as long sermons, is now heard in many temples, for by such agency does the Church seek to counteract the gaieties which, on the other hand, she officially sanctions, and with wise toleration allows her delegates to direct. The sovereign of Rome never appears during the hours of permitted revelling in the streets, but in the forenoons he visits various churches where the observances of the season are so attractively solemn. And one visit more remarkable was made by Pius IX., on a morning of this Carnival, to the Sapienza University, where his special object was to inspect the Mineralogic Museum, which may now be considered a new institution, augmented as it has been, and appropriately arranged over four large and handsome halls, newly fitted up, in the interval since the beginning of last summer. Here is fully illustrated the geology of Rome's seven hills, besides whatever is interesting to science in the soil of other parts of these states, and perfect volcanic collections from Vesuvius and Etna; petrifications, precious marbles, agates, and rock crystal in the rough state, are in profusion; and among latest additions are two lumps of pure gold from Australia, bestowed by Pius IX., to whom they had been sent in offering from the new world. His Holiness was received at the University by the Cardinal Arch-Chancellor and all the professors, to whom, after inspecting everything, he made an appropriate address on the importance and utility of the studies to which they were severally dedicated, announcing finally his intention thenceforth to add 900 scudi per annum to the total amount assigned for their academic salaries. Pius IX. has more than common gifts of oratory, always expressing himself with readiness, elegance, and terseness. In this instance it may be imagined how the *finale* enhanced the excitement of loyal feelings, and Cardinal Altieri, on whom it devolved to reply, acquitted himself well in expressing the gratitude of the learned body thus favoured. The Professor of Natural History, Ratti (a distinguished man), had his offering prepared in the shape of a glass medallion, representing the pontiff at prayer, and receiving inspiration to proclaim the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

The professor of mineralogy, Sanguineti, who has had the merit of arranging so well the above-mentioned museum, lately gave a series of interesting private lectures on the marbles known to the ancients, all which hitherto discovered among Roman antiquities are exemplified in the unique collection of 600 specimens existing here. He read from a MS. correctly written in English, using the same language throughout in the explanations requisite. Beginning with a notice of the first introduction of foreign marbles into Rome, in the year of the city 622 (when Crassus adorned his residence on the Palatine with Hymettian columns)—the lecturer proceeded to consider, under their several classes, all marbles properly so called then those of shell formation generally known by the Italian term *lumachelli*, then the various alabasters or stalactites, then the breccias or conglomerates, and finally the

granites. After mentioning the place of origin, and accounting for the name, he explained the geologic composition and materials determining tints or veining; noticed in what manner or degree each species was used by the ancients; and particularised every place in Rome, churches, galleries, or ruins, where specimens were to be seen at this day. What added much to the interest of this course was the illustration of its subjects, at every stage, by the marbles in question being produced, mostly in both rough and polished states, from the cabinets of the museum where these lectures were given. After three *séances* the Professor gave a rendezvous for the last meeting at the Villa Albani, where a most agreeable morning was spent (as I, for one, can testify) in examining the priceless treasures of that famed gallery by the light of the scientific explanation as to their material which Professor Sanguinetti supplied. No art-gallery in Rome, perhaps none in Europe, contains such wealth of marbles, alabasters, granites, &c., in all their rich variety of tints, as this beautiful villa, in one of the avenues of whose gardens I observed this day, for the first time, a colossal bust of Winckelmann, erected since my last visit to the Albani demesne. I hear of a work in preparation that will probably take abiding place in historic literature—the "History of the late Italian Revolutions," beginning with the first phases of those movements that date from 1847, undertaken by the Professor of History at Berlin, Zimmerman, who has been resident here this winter, and is now about to leave, after having compiled all desirable material, documents, periodicals, pasquinades, things licensed and things unlicensed for publication, towards a task which we may expect will be at last accomplished worthily and impartially. The learned writer's sympathies, I understand, are liberal, but within rational bounds of politic philosophy. A posthumous work of Canina, now advertised as on sale, shows with what energy he prosecuted archaeological studies till the close of his long life. This, called "The Topography of Rome and the Campagna," was intended as a part only of a much vaster undertaking, but is in two volumes of no mean dimensions: the first treating of the city's localities in the ante-Roman, the royal, and consular epochs; the second of the Campagna in the ante-Roman and royal epochs.

At Genoa, the recently-formed "National Historic Society" has made its arrangements and arrayed its forces (so to say) for the campaign undertaken, with division of the aggregate labours into three sections—History, Archaeology,

and Fine Arts; the first to comprise the civil, literary and ecclesiastical branches, biography, travels, commercial enterprise, and beneficent institutions; the last to be especially directed to public monuments, as art's greatest achievements. Genoa "la superba" still makes good her title to the protection of St. George. At Turin has appeared lately the third volume of a work long allowed place among Italian classics, the "History of Italian Legislation," by Sclopis; and this addition to what was already prized as complete in the preceding volumes has excited interest.

The monument of Washington left unfinished by the lamented Mr. Crawford has been assigned by the Virginia Government for completion to Mr. Rogers, also an American, and a sculptor of recognised merits, who will have to execute several figures and reliefs for this monument entirely from the resources of his own imagination, unaided by designs from his predecessor. Alterations in the plan, and choice of historic details for this great work, were suggested and adopted before death removed the gifted artist originally undertaking it. Mr. Rogers has already proved his abilities in a work of monumental character assigned to him by the American government—the reliefs for the portals of the Capitol of Washington, whose subject is, in a series finely conceived by this artist, the life of Columbus. At the Piazza del Popolo is now open the annual Exhibition of Modern Art, which (from motives I cannot explain) the most esteemed and longest established painters and sculptors here, whether native or foreign, continue generally to disown by withholding their works from its halls, leaving the field almost exclusively occupied by younger aspirants. I observed, in the present instance, scarcely two Roman names among the ultramontane company of Germans, Swiss, Russians, Belgians. As usual, the majority of the pictures are of the *genre* species; the sculptures few, and not very remarkable. The landscapes of Brown (an American) are distinguished by superiority at once recognisable; and among the few most noticeable by English is a wild mountain scene in Italy, with rocky distances; and peasants ascending a steep path, by Poingdestre, who has here beautifully worked up a subject of impressive natural features. Among several interiors, one of the Monreale Cathedral, with the stately grouping of a royal funeral, celebrated over the remains of St. Louis, is an elaborate and effective piece by Rundt, of Berlin. The landscapes of a Neapolitan, Pastina, are singularly brilliant, and display imaginative but rather exaggerated treatment of the effects peculiar to

southern nature. Elsewhere is now to be seen a collection of pictures and engravings on sale belonging to a gentleman who has inherited what was known as the Rubini Stoffer Museum, at Bologna. It contains some fine heads by Guido and Guercino, and a small sketch on panel of the Madonna appearing to St. Peter and St. Catherine, attributed to Raphael; but the gem of the collection is a large Murillo, representing, with life-size figures, a scene in a cottage, three peasants seated at a meal of onions and black bread, looking to perfection the illustration of the adage that "hunger is the best sauce." The speaking countenances, the accessories of the supper-table and humble interior, are all so truthful, that one might fancy it possible to sit down among them, and partake, if tempted thereto, of this Spartan repast. Another reputed Raphael, a "Madonna and Child," is also now on exhibition and for sale in Rome, having fallen into private ownership through a series of vicissitudes that have been narrated in the official paper. Overbeck has been seriously ill, but is now, I am happy to hear, out of danger. Flatz, another German of high abilities, and genius in many respects kindred to Overbeck's, is engaged on a delightful picture for church at Crosby, near Liverpool, ordered by Mr. Bloundell. This, with figures larger than life, represents Joseph and Mary conducting the Divine Child from the temple, after they have found him disputing with the Doctors. The tender thoughtfulness of the mother, and the mild dignity of the reputed father, are admirable; but the head of the child arrests attention, so intensely feeling and profoundly conscious of the divine mission, yet at the same time preserving the loveliness and sweet simplicity of his age. One of the English artists lately established here is a brother of the well-known author, Talfourd, whose studies from nature, northern and southern, in water colours, display feeling and powers of poetic vision in art to a degree far from common; besides landscape, portrait heads also are a walk in which Mr. T. excels. Mr. Stockdale, another artist of talent among comparatively recent arrivals, has announced a Shakspearian reading, "Henry IV," to take place this week for the benefit of the Indian Fund. On the 17th died a veteran sculptor of some note, member of the Academy of St. Luke—Filippo Albaccini, born in 1777. He was a Roman citizen of large property, the whole of which he bequeathed to that academy, to be appropriated in prizes and pensions to young artists of Rome, or other Italian parts.

C. J. H.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

THE FORTNIGHT.

In a paper on the occurrence of graphularia in nodules from the London clay and the crag, read at the Geological Society, Mr. N. T. Wetherell, having explained the form and general character of the fossil, and described the circumstances under which portions of the stem had been found traversing nodules in the London clay at Highgate, observed that fragments of the same fossil holding the same relative position in nodules from the red crag, and differing from those of the London only in being more rounded and polished by aqueous action, brought the subject before the society as a link in the chain of evidence of the so-called coprolitic or phosphatic nodules of the red crag having been to a great extent derived from the destruction of the London clay.—Mr. Wood, in a paper on the extraneous fossils of the red crag, having pursued his investigations as to the geologic age of the crag, found it necessary to decide as to what are the derivative fossils which are mixed with the native fossils in this deposit. Out of 240 species of mollusca found in the red crag, and belonging to a modern tertiary period, forty or fifty might be considered as derivative fossils, though some may have lived on from the period of the lower to that of the upper or red crag. Some few extraneous fossils found in the red crag appear to have been casts of shells from some fresh-water deposit, probably of old tertiary date.

In reference to the supposed discovery of the

north coast of Greenland and an open polar sea, by Dr. Kane, of the United States' Navy, Dr. H. Rink, of Copenhagen, observed, at the Royal Geographical Society, that with regard to the great Humboldt glacier discovered by Dr. Kane, it was in reality nothing more than what may be noticed in the interior of most of the Greenland fiords. Dr. Rink had great doubts as to the existence of the open polar sea discovered by Morton and the Greenlander Hans, and assumed to be kept open by a branch of the gulf stream from Nova Zembla down Smith Sound to Baffin's Bay. Dr. Kane, instead of making the meridional observations the basis for the construction of his chart, had recourse to the mean between them and the dead reckoning, the latter being no less than 43° 6' in excess; therefore, before latitude 80° 50' 32" N. could be assumed as the furthest point reached by Morton, the distance travelled by him on the 24th should be subjected to a deduction obtained by having recourse to the amount of error occasioned in the dead reckoning between the 21st and 23rd of June, amounting to 21 miles in 52. The latitude of Cape Constitution will therefore be 80° 44' N. instead of 81° 22'.

At the Institution of Civil Engineers a paper—an "Investigation into the Theory and Practice of Hydraulic Mortar, as made on the new Works of the London Dock Company"—was read by Mr. Robertson. The theoretical points were those connected with the calcination and slaking of blue lias lime, the action of silica in protecting it from solubility, the setting of mortar, and its subsequent absorption of carbonic acid; the practical part had reference to the method and cost

of manufacturing mortar, as well as the effect of grinding on its strength and density.

In a paper on the conditions which determine the probability of coal beneath the south-eastern parts of England, Mr. Godwin Austen, explaining the geological structure of coal-fields generally, and especially that which governed the coal-fields of France and Belgium, stated that the principle on which the existence of a band of coal measures can be conjecturally placed along the south-east counties is, that the physical features have a like significance; there is a probability of a continuity of a coal-band along the south-east arguing from analogy, every fresh point of agreement strengthening the probability, and if these amount to three or four the evidence may be deemed conclusive. The Kentish-town artesian well passed through the white chalk and gault, a single brand of old sedimentary and crystalline rocks ending on micaceous sandstones at a high angle. Here there were several points of agreement with the French and Belgic sections. The artesian well at Harwich found the chalk resting in old clay slate, with cleavage structure and micaceous sandstones, and from the presence of *posidonias* may be referred to the culm series of the Rhenish provinces or of Devonshire. There is thus an agreement with the condition of surfaces extending north from the Belgian coal-band. By the help of these points, the arrangement of the old rocks beneath our south-eastern may be traced. The boundary of the oolitic series and of the lower green sand lies south of London. The coal trough conforms to the valley of the Thames; and Kennet, and older rocks still, like the

Belgian series, rise to the north, beyond which, at the distance of Harwich, the coal series is again brought in. The existence therefore of coal beneath Blackheath is not so great an improbability as was once supposed, nor is its depth probably very great.

At the Statistical Society, a paper was read by Mr. Lumley on the administration of relief to the poor in the metropolis. The district subject to the operation of the Local Management Act covers 78,029 acres, including 2778 acres of water, and according to the census of 1851, contained 2,362,299 inhabitants. Mr. Lumley divides this space into five portions: the Kentish, Western, Central, Eastern, and Surrey divisions. The following are some of the leading facts bearing on the subject collected up to March 1857. The total estimated population of the five districts is 2,503,000; the net annual value assessed to poor-rate, £1,189,000/; the net rate in the pound of relief to poor, 1s. 6d.; the ratio of mean number of paupers is 39 per 1000 of the population, and the sum expended in relief, 807,000/. A return made in 1803, giving the means of comparing the expenses of poor relief, then and now, show a decrease on all the divisions except in the Eastern; there is also a decrease throughout in the ratio in the pound. The inequalities, however, vary very considerably, that is, from 5s. 7½d. to 3d. Notwithstanding these inequalities, "the interests, the feelings, and the characteristics of the inhabitants of the several districts, both rich and poor, vary too much to render a consolidation of the whole metropolis either a prudent or a practical measure."

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

Saturday, May 1.—Royal Institution, 2. Annual Meeting.—Horticultural, 1. Anniversary.
 Monday, 3.—Society of Arts, 8. "Iron: its Commerce and Application to Staple Manufactures." By Mr. Charles Sanderson.
 Tuesday, 4.—Philographic, 8.
 Wednesday, 5.—Royal Society of Literature, 4.
 Thursday, 6.—Linnean, 8. 1. Mr. Masters. "On a New Species of *Bellavia* from Mount Ida." 2. Mr. Mitten. "On India Musc." 3. Dr. Müller. "Contributions ad Acicarium Australie cognitum." 4. Mr. Chapman. "Anatomical Curiosities."
 Friday, 7.—Archaeological Institute, 4.
 Monday, 10.—Royal Geographical, 8.
 Wednesday, 12.—Royal Literary Fund, 3.—Royal Botanic General Exhibition. Society of Arts, 8. "On Canada: its Productions and Resources." By Professor John Wilson, F.R.S.E.
 Thursday, 13.—Antiquaries, 8.
 Friday, 14.—Royal Astronomical, 8. Society of Arts, 8. Extraordinary Meeting.—"On the plan suggested by the Royal Commissioners for disposing of the Metropolitan Sewage." By T. Baker. On this evening the Right Hon. Lord Ebury will preside.

ARCHITECTURE.

REPORT ON ARCHITECTURE AS A FINE ART.

We are much beholden to the *Builder* for the two beautiful woodcuts in the numbers for March 27 and April 10, which jointly present an elevation of the Victoria Tower of the Westminster Palace; nor need we put any restraint on the enthusiasm with which our admiration is inspired for the general majesty of a structure, whose component beauties are all, individually and relatively, as perfect as their resultant grand total. The impression made at once upon the eye, by the tower in its mass, so overwhelms the faculty of minute regard, that it is long before the most cavilling observer can muster his critical forces to try battle with the pretentious perfection of the object before him. His minute examinations stand checked by the magnitude of its scale and of its great leading compartments; and, as the first glance discovers nothing that, in any important respect, could be wished other than it is, the most unquestioning and deferential feeling subdues homage into silence. What the sculptor might find in little, displayed by a statue, in which the power of the Hercules Farnese, the divine majesty of the Belvidere Apollo, and the grace of the Antinous, are combined, the architect sees in the Victoria Tower, connecting with grandeur in every sense—the elegance of Giotto's Florentine campanile, and the elaborate richness of Henry the Seventh's gorgeous mausoleum. Its fenestration and other characteristics distinguish it from the *Cathedral* and *Church* towers of our country sufficiently to give it a secular aspect, though we admit its suggestions to have been ecclesiastical; and we feel how the architect, to give absolute supremacy to his house for the sovereign, the nobles, and the people, has been compelled to emulate the great external feature of the House of God. The well informed in British Gothic art will observe how Norwich, Winchester, Gloucester, and Somersetshire have cooperated with the famed Westminster Chapel to the information of the architect's genius, but in no respect to the depreciation of that genius, in

its union with the soundest judgment and most refined taste. Recovering from the first emotions of wondering admiration at the general effect of this great work, we begin to dwell on the relative proportions of its altitude and breadth. Bulk being its principle (as the porch tower of a building of largely spreading ground plan, necessarily low in comparison with its extent), we find that its great altitude is only warranted by a facial width which controls the expression of loftiness; and this is the more effective from the number of thorough horizontal lines that divide its component stages. We then take the ten horizontal stages of its upward composition; and, admiring their relative proportions with those of the three main perpendicular divisions, we acknowledge no possible improvement, so far. We next enter on a minute examination of each stage; admiring first the beautiful buttressed plinths at the feet of the octagonal buttresses; secondly, the exquisite framing of the nobly proportioned archway, which carries us up to the elaborately ornate third division, with its eleven statues in canopied niches, and two rich horizontal bandings. Here we pause, to look on so much of the composition separately. Had hostile circumstances here arrested the work, what a magnificent fragment had it been, and thus far how unimprovable! But let the reader take the upper half of the tower on the second plate. Let him fold the paper on the top band-line under the open worked parapet, and bring the said parapet and turrets (omitting the vane, &c.) so as to crown the band above the niche and statue compartment,—and what a portal is presented! We resume, however, with the fourth stage (i.e. reckoning by the divisions of the octagonal buttresses); and here we have the first triple-windowed composition, illustrating the segmental arched heads of Winchester. The heraldic carved panels above the windows are most judiciously what they are, in respect to the bolder ornamentation which is reserved for the corresponding windows above. Here, again, two pleasing experiments may be made by bringing the top part as already described to rest, first, on the band next above the lower three windows, and, secondly, on that above the range of the coupled loop openings. The latter, being the distinctive features of the fifth stage, are most felicitously introduced. Statues in niches would be here too remote, and the mass of solid between the triple-windowed storeys too heavy. The upper three windows give to the sixth stage in the composition the eye-expression of the face entire. Beautifully bold are their canopied brows, rich with crocket and finial, with little winged figures on their springing corbels, human-like birds, which have a right to perch where the eye can only just discover what they are. Then in the seventh stage we have a repetition of the open loops, forming, with their bandcourses below and above, the fitting frieze to receive the eighth, or battlement composition, the open work of which is beautifully un-formalised, and coped and pinnacled with exquisite taste and judgment. Thence, as the ninth stage, the turrets rise with lantern-like delicacy, though with an obviously substantial strength in their angle buttresses; and so we ascend to the upper lanterns, "made steadfast and secure" by the Tudor domelets, than which no better crowning members could have been applied. If any one, looking at the geometrical elevation, think they weigh heavily on the delicate work of the pinnacles beneath, it must be considered that, in the perspective of the view, the latter gains in apparent substance, as much more of the stone work is then presented to the eye.

To us, then, the minutest examination of this superb structure fulfils all the startling promise exhibited by its first address. To the vane-pole, and its flying buttress bars, we might take exception; indeed we do not like them, thinking the ogee form of the turret coronets would have been better. They are, however, quite orthodox in respect to old Gothic smith's work; and, resting on this (even supposing it be faulty), is like making objection to the form of a small particular cloud in the heavens. We have attempted to do honour to the greatest architect of his age, in the greatest of his Gothic (and, in a certain sense, the greatest of his) works. What Wren did with Roman architecture in the dome of St. Paul's, Barry has done with Gothic architecture in his Victoria Tower; and whatever may be said of our metropolis in general, we may certainly boast of these two examples in particular, as without their equal in the world.

We would not, however, be thought in this hearty tribute of our poor praise to Sir Charles Barry to indicate any qualification of our opinion (often previously expressed) that the Gothic was not the style rightly adapted for the Houses of Parliament. As, in the face of our advocacy of pointed architecture for the church, we rejoice in the possession of Wren's Roman dome and Italian steeples; so, in spite of our love for the Palladian as the most suited to a senate-house, we will glory in Barry's Gothic tower. Under the absolutism of our theory, we might have been without the noblest existing monuments of the two styles, as the opportunities for the master-pieces of Wren and Barry were afforded by their grand exceptional occasions. The Gothicists may lament the style of our principal cathedral, the Classicists that of our principal palace; but the indifferent public, and many who are not indifferent, will be grateful for those occasions which have afforded such a pair of unrivalled examples of the styles they respectively illustrate. Could we have had them reversed in application, it had been better. Such was not to be. We may wish the dome had crowned the grand central hall of a senate-house, and that a tower of equal merit with the Victorian had flanked the west front of a protestant cathedral; but, since we have the dome and the tower, let us rest content. The two styles now stand, as it were, mutually revenged and both triumphant. Unendurable is the thought that we might have been without the interiors of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and St. James's, Piccadilly, the spires of Bow-church, Cheapside, and of St. Bride's, Fleet-street; and, therefore, more than endurable is the reflection, that we owe to a passing mania for mediæval art the transcendent Victoria Tower.

We close this month's report by reference to an admirable article on "Honest Art Criticism" in the *Building News* for March 26th.

ARTS AND ARTISTS.

OLD WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.
 The invariable excellence of the annual exhibition of this society has been so often the subject of comment, that any remark upon the subject must be trite. Perhaps, however, the high standard of merit maintained by the contributors in general was never more conspicuous than in the exhibition of the present year, which has the peculiarity of not presenting any single picture of such novelty and interest as to attract a perpetual crowd, while the impression produced by the whole is in the highest degree satisfactory. Never were purchasers more ardent. An hour after the opening on the day of the private view an amazing number of pictures already bore the blue ticket. The vigour and freshness displayed by some of the veterans of the society is really marvellous. They seem determined not to be pushed off their pedestals by the rising generation. W. Hunt in particular seems, if possible, to increase in perfection of finish. The view of "The Thames from Richmond Hill" (306) has all the delicate gradations of truth; perhaps photography has been called in to assist here. The "Fruit" (232) and (314), "Wild Flowers" (298), and "Branch of May" (327), have a charm of their own which we know not that any other artist has ever succeeded in imparting to works of this kind. They are the very smiles of nature, caught and fixed upon paper with the touch of magic. Her frowns are the province of David Cox, who dashes them down with savage strokes. Of his very numerous works, the most striking as well as the largest is "Snowdon from Capel Curig" (15). Mr. E. Duncan's finished works take a conspicuous place. "The Morning after the Gale" (30), is an exciting scene; but "The Winter Scene—Carting Ice" (112) is our favourite. The effect of the sunlight laboriously contending with mist is admirable. Frederick Tayler has a lively picture of "Crossing a Ferry" (132), with hounds and hunters bent on the pursuit of otters. S. Palmer's imaginative views, with their strong contrasts of light and shadow, form a feature. "The Rising Moon" (312) is a picture full of suggestive points. G. Dodgson's "Ferry" (228), and "Summer Night" (237), are again not without suggestion for those who seek in a picture something more than a bare representation of what may be seen in nature.

S. P. Jackson's "Sty Head Tarn" (72) is a fine transcript of that remote and impressive scene so well known to tourists.

His style is perhaps, however, a little too smooth and subdued for such a subject. "Wastwater Lake," by W. Evans, is an attempt to convey the gloomy awe of that wildest of the Cumberland lakes, far from unsuccessful, though open to some obvious objections. This painter has a manner of his own, which, with certain modifications, and if not allowed to run too much to repetition, is calculated to be very effective. In C. Branwhite's Welsh rivers we see the danger of pushing a single piece of successful trickery too far. It is impossible not to be caught with the glowing splendour of these views, but on looking at them a little the charm begins to vanish; we see the patches of colour by which the effects are produced, and are let too much into the artist's secret.

C. Davidson's "Early Spring" (107) shows a most conscientious study of nature's aspects, the constant characteristic of his works. A new contributor, A. P. Newton, produces some very promising pieces, one of which, indeed, "Declining Day—View in Argyllshire" (197), is a prominent feature. The magnificent form of Ben Nevis, the monarch of Scotch mountains, suffused with the golden glow of evening, is the principal object, and has been treated with singular success. The foreground and remaining parts of the picture are open to exception, and want the careful drawing and finish which one might have expected. T. M. Richardson appears to have refreshed his memory once more by a recurrence to realities, and a general improvement is visible in consequence. A sea-shore view "at St. Leonard's" (278) manifests genuine and careful study. G. Fripp, S. Evans, D. Cox, jun., and W. Callow abound in drawings, of which we can only say that they do not fall below the best which they have shown us before.

Carl Haag's "Tyrolese Peasants," forcibly coloured and spirited in drawing as they are, are somehow a little tedious. Our appetite for picturesque villagers is perhaps sated. We feel that an infinitely less amount of labour might have given us much more pleasure, and conveyed much more strongly the sentiment of the Tyrolean verse appended to number 191, than the extensive picture by which Mr. Haag has illustrated it. "The Bürgermeister's Daughter of Salzburg" (23) is more taking, and exhibits Mr. Haag's force of colour to great advantage. There is much beauty in Alfred Fripp's bright snatches from sunny Italy; a true eye for local colour is everywhere exhibited, but the want of shadow gives a very unsubstantial appearance to these otherwise charming pieces. The "Mezzo Giorno" (269) seems to us the best: here we have a contrast between the slightly subdued light within the house and the glare without—some relief is thus gained. Mr. J. J. Jenkins's scenes of innocent cottage life are as amiable as usual. "The New Melody" (222), and "Boiling Cockles" (240), are full of expression sweet and joyous.

We close here, not however having exhausted the list of artists. The concentration of so large a number of finished works into one small room has an exhausting effect upon one's powers of observing and criticising. Pictures which we dismiss with a cursory glance and a single word of remark, might, in a less numerous company, offer an almost endless source of pleasure.

NEW WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.

ENGLAND may justly be proud of its water-colour school. The spontaneous growth of the soil, it flourishes in its native habitat more luxuriantly than arts of exotic origin. It adapts itself more naturally to the mild tastes of a population delighting in peace and quiet rural enjoyments, than does its more ambitious sister, the art of painting in oil. Landscape seems to be its natural element; and we find the New Water-colour Society, which at first set out with subjects in which the human figure and human action played a more or less important part, gradually approximating to the path successfully pursued by the elder society, of which landscapes have always formed the staple. This year the works of Bennett, Whymper, M'Kewan, Rowbotham, Cook, Edmund Warren, Philp, Fahey, and other landscapists, form the most attractive portion of the exhibition. These works may not be high art, but the aim of water-colour drawing is not high art, nor do patrons and purchasers expect to find it here. Correct and literal imitation of pleasing natural objects and effects is all that is desired; and for the most part the exhibitors here show a genuine and honest purpose to accomplish this with more or less

success according to ability. There is less of mere stereotype picture-making than we find amongst artists in oils. The coast views by S. Cook are good examples. "The Lime-burners, Lymington" (43), "Gathering Seaweed on the Cornwall Coast" (58), and "The Rising of the Ground Sea" (111), are evidently careful studies. The very numerous works of W. Bennett bespeak an inexhaustible love of the thousand-fold effects of light, and in breadth of execution they surpass any other works in the gallery. It is almost needless to particularise them, but we may point to "The Forest Scene in Autumn" (173), and the view of "Glengarriff" (10), as especially lovely. There is more perhaps of what may be called subject in the works of M'Kewan, as in "The Pool on the Llugwy, Bettwa-y-Coed" (51), and "The Last Leap of the Lledd" (69), which we somehow connect more distinctly with time and place than those of W. Bennett, in the contemplation of which we have a kind of slumberous enjoyment, without reference to the when or where. J. W. Whymper comes between the two, as in "The Shady Rereat" (91), and "The Path across the Common" (241), and other such-like generalisations. An attempt by this artist of a different kind deserves separate and special notice, namely, "The Home of the Seafowl, the Bass-rock; early Summer's Morning" (18). The subject is as unlooked for as its treatment is successful. Such a sudden inspiration is worth a dozen deliberate variations on the old theme. The studies of trees with which Mr. Edmund Warren presents us here are an indirect consequence of the pre-Raphaelite movement. The attempt to find poetry in the commonest and therefore most neglected details of nature's work has led to a vigorous imitation of these details for imitation's sake alone, and the taste has been fostered by the improvements in photography, which however bid fair completely to satiate it. We look upon imitation not as an end, but a means; but it may be admitted that by using the means the end may be sometimes attained unawares. This is, we think, the case with the study of the tree (207) in the forest of Dean, by Mr. E. E. Warren. It is impossible not to admire the persevering faithfulness of the imitation, and, admitting that landscape has no higher aim than to give an agreeable impression of natural objects, it is undeniable that this is done here in most complete manner. We prefer, however, "The Pleasure Party" (170), by the same artist, as more suggestive. It is a delightful little idyll, a picture of a happy valley as enchanting as that of Rasselas.

Mr. T. L. Rowbotham's Italian views are an improvement, we think, upon his former works, with which we have had before occasion to find some fault, as being at once showy and weak, like cheap furniture. "The Bay of Naples" (114) has more force and substance in it than anything we have seen from his hand before; the "Old Mills, Holland; Winter Morning" (17) also savours of a more solid study of truth. Mr. James G. Philp follows in the wake of Mr. S. Cook. Mr. H. Mapstone's "View in Surrey" (141) shows also improvement. Mr. Fahey's "Summer Bed of a Mountain Stream" (231) is again one of those dauntless attempts to rival reality which strike us with awe. We were going to say that the artist has not left one stone unturned to achieve the imitative feat before us,—at any rate he has not left a stone unpainted. Mr. T. Sutcliffe is another of the pre-Raphaelite copyists of nature, and has several striking studies; see Nos. (223) and (187). Mr. Vacher, as usual, has some good Italian views, a little coppery in aspect. Mr. d'Egville, on the other hand, sees the same climate through a fogger medium. The names of J. Chase, H. C. Pidgeon, P. Mitchell, F. J. Robins, and R. K. Penson, we can only refer to as connected with divers works of merit, which will find their admirers.

Turning to another class of subjects, that, indeed, which once gave a peculiar character to the exhibition of the New Water-colour Society, and calls up the names of Absolon, E. Corbould, H. Warren, and L. Haghe, we find, the first of these artists altogether absent; and to say the truth, he had fairly exhausted the type of pastoral creations by which he gained a deserved popularity. A somewhat similar race of beings now appears in the "Field-day in the last Century" (135), by Mr. H. Tidey, a brilliant and romantic group certainly, of which the members, however, already look *ennuye*, and whom we have a certain dread of, as likely to become positive

boreds hereafter. The Hogarthian incident of a gentleman pouring a bottle of wine over a lady's head, while he fancies that he is filling a glass, is a slight relief to the prevailing flatness. There is, however, great talent shown in the drawing and grouping, which we should be sorry to see thrown away upon mere aimless studies of costume.

Mr. Corbould's only conspicuous work is a piece of pictorial pedantry; the subject is "Noah, a miracle play performed in the streets of Hull in the fourteenth and fifteenth century" (288). It does not succeed in doing what ought to be, one would think, the object of such a work, namely, to carry us back forcibly to the period named. It is not real and natural enough for that; in truth, notwithstanding the undoubted ability and painstaking displayed, it fails to give as lively an impression of the affair as the extract from the old Book of Expenses of the Play, with its ridiculous spelling and quaint items of account. Mr. H. Warren, as usual, takes his subjects from Oriental life. His principal work, "The Song of the Georgian Maiden" (182), if less attractive than some previous efforts of a similar character, shows no falling off in those qualities for which his pencil has always been remarkable. Nothing can be finer than the drawing of the figures in this careful picture, nothing more finished than the details. It will be appreciated by the few who prefer the beautiful to the picturesque; but such are not the mass of those who love water-colour drawings. Accordingly, we hear the same comments upon this picture as we did upon the works of Millais and Hunt when they first astonished the polite world by breaking through the rules of common-place.

Mr. L. Haghe exhibits two pictures of the old sort—interiors of German and Flemish halls, peopled with jolly soldiers and citizens amusing themselves with toping and other pastimes. We prefer these to Mr. Haghe's "Transept of the Church of St. Mark" (195), which the artist has cleverly filled with figures, but of which the general effect is glaring. Mr. Kearney does not seem able to get beyond his first pictures, which promised much.

Looking at the exhibition as a whole, we think it rather above the average, and certainly as indicating a tendency to advance. In art, as in some other things, to stand still is to go back.

FEMALE ARTISTS' EXHIBITION.

The experiment was tried for the first time last year of an exhibition appropriated to the works of female artists alone. The advantage of the plan is evident, and the second exhibition, (now at Lord Ward's Gallery, Egyptian Hall) shews that it is appreciated by the female artistic world. The number of exhibitors we find to be 279, while the number of distinct works exhibited is over 600. Amongst them are several of great merit, and which might take an honourable place in almost any assemblage. It would be, of course, absurd to expect the same originality and vigour which we demand in the productions of the stronger sex, but if we are contented to look for those milder qualities of excellence which distinguish female workmanship in general, we shall not be disappointed. Mrs. E. M. Ward has a bold style, of which it is not difficult to trace the origin. There are, however, in the picture (47), "The Bath," natural touches, which we can attribute to her own feminine instincts alone—a plump cherub about to be subjected to the ceremony of the bath; a jolly, good-natured nursery-maid; a sick child in bed, who peeps at what is going on—these are the simple materials out of which a little nursery episode has been concocted in the most natural way in the world. Near to this is "The Little Boat-builder" (68), by Mrs. Carpenter, another pleasing study of childhood. The "Othello and Desdemona" (129) of Mrs. Robinson are in a somewhat loftier but less original vein; they are clever imitations of Macbeth. The pictures of Mrs. Elizabeth Murray are a notable feature of the exhibition. We noticed last year this lady's clever sketches of Teneriffe scenery. There are several pieces of a similar kind here, particularly a striking view of the "Peak of Teneriffe from the Ravine of Acatanza" (288). The figure pieces of the same artist are full of spirit and character. "The Shop-door in Rome" (259), "The Dawn of Day" (341), "The Shepherd Boy of the Campagna of Rome" (203), and "The Spanish Girl at Prayer" (237), are particularly worthy of note. There is cleverness in

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design and execution in Miss G. Macirone's "Florizel and Perdita" (260).

The exhibition is by no means confined to one species of art. We find some very meritorious landscapes and sea-pieces. Of the latter we must point out Mrs. Dundas Murray's "Harbour Mouth" (254), and the "Entrance to Seaham Harbour, on the estate of the Marchioness of Londonderry" (249), by the same lady. Miss Stoddart's views "On the Tummel" (56) and (97), "Nidpath Castle" (73), and a view on "The Banks of the Mousse, Lanarkshire" (72), are of great ability. "Winter Berries" (267), by Mrs. Withers, is remarkable for high and careful finish; but Miss A. E. Blunden's "Foxglove Blossom" (326) is a study of nature more to our taste. It has not a little of the true pre-Raphaelite touch in it, so different from Dutch minuteness. A "Miniature of a Swedish Lady" (402), from the hand of Frederica Bremer, will be looked on with interest, but rather as a curiosity than as a work of art. No. (387) is a portrait of Miss Bremer herself. The "Scenes from the Life of a Female Artist" (379), by Miss F. A. Claxton, are drawn with great spirit. On the same screen, some very clever "Pen-and-Ink Sketches" (385), by a lady, attract the eye by their artistic appearance. We believe it to be no secret that these are from the talented pencil of Lady Eastlake. A number of copies find a place here, some of no inconsiderable excellence: "The St. Catherine," after Leonardo da Vinci (407), by Mrs. Stephenson, and "La belle Vierge," after Raffaelle (456), by Mrs. Greata, may be pointed out. The cameos and wax-models of the Misses Pistrucci are beautiful specimens of this class of art; and Miss Durant's "Bust of the Son of the Viceroy of Egypt" (537), "Robin Hood" (553), and "Warwick, the King-maker" (535), support the claims of the female artists to be admitted on the roll of sculptors as well as painters.

ITALIAN WORKS OF ART.

SIGNOR GATTI's collection of works of art in stone, marble, and alabaster, by the principal artists of Tuscany, is to be seen at Willis's rooms. We might properly term most of the objects exhibited works of industry rather than works of art. Some alabaster and marble vases, upon a colossal scale, give scope to variety of design, and present some good examples of sculptured foliage. Those who are anxious to see the kind of traditional art which still lingers in the land of Michael Angelo and Benvenuto Cellini, will find matter for contemplation here.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE drawing for the prizes given by the Art Union of London took place at the Haymarket Theatre on Tuesday the 27th ult.; the Hon. Lord Monteagle presiding. The report was read by Mr. Godwin, F.R.S., Hon. Sec., and disclosed a flourishing condition of affairs. The prizes were then drawn, and the list of the names of the fortunate (which is too long to be inserted here) has been published in the daily papers.—The tomb of the Duke of Wellington in St. Paul's is now finished and finally closed. The sarcophagus is a monolith of beautifully polished porphyry.—All who combine a love of art with a knowledge of the English language have been terribly puzzled by the following paragraph, which appeared last week in the "Town and Country Talk" of the *Illustrated London News*:—"Literature must give way" to art, for this week at least. Catalogues are dull things, and catalogues of exhibitions of works of art in London—catalogues have hitherto been edited with so many years of experience—are dull affairs indeed. But there is a catalogue which a clever man with many and rare opportunities has just put forward which surpasses all catalogues that we have ever seen. Mr. Cotton (who has dedicated a kind of John Dorey life to Sir Joshua Reynolds) has recently published, price five shillings (we have paid five shillings for it at Messrs. Longman's), a Catalogue of the Portraits painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Now, as Sir Joshua is said to have "bragged" (we borrow the word from his pupil Northcote) that he had painted three generations of English intellect, and better still (so men assert), of English beauty, this it will be seen at first sight, was no common undertaking, and was still further an undertaking which a little common care might have turned to most admirable account. Artists assert that they are disappointed with this catalogue; patrons of art assure us of the same: dealers are outrageous; print-sellers out of all humour. We will give three examples of the omissions in the catalogue:—first, Edward Gibbon. Mr. Cotton neglects to tell us that the only good portrait of the historian of the "Decline and Fall" is still at Sheffield-place—the picture painted by Sir Joshua for

Gibbon's much-loved friend Mr. Holroyd, afterwards Lord Sheffield. Then—will Mr. Cotton excuse us? (we wish well to his work)—that the very best portrait of David Garrick that Sir Joshua ever painted is not to be found in his catalogue (yet he catalogues portraits of Garrick as he does portraits of Gibbon). Still, we refer to the portrait. Did not Sir Joshua paint a portrait of Garrick with a prologue before him, that likeness for all times? and where is it in Mr. Cotton's catalogue? Nowhere! When it was engraved (and often admirably engraved in Sir Joshua's lifetime by that admirable engraver, Thomas Watson) the picture was in the possession of Sir Thomas Mills, to whom Watson dedicates his inimitable print. We are inclined to suspect that the original belongs even now to a Mills, and may be seen at Camelot-house. Well, then, to the third instance, the portrait of a true poet—the portrait of Armstrong, the friend of Thomson, the antagonist of Churchill. That Sir Joshua painted a portrait of one of our best didactic poets Mr. Cotton is perfectly assured. Where, then, is it? Mr. Cotton is at a loss. Shall we tell him? He may see it where Miss Coutts could not find old Mr. Coutts' portrait—in the front room over Coutts', facing the Strand." Respecting the paragraph, "the talk is" that whoever can make head or tail of it will prove himself to be a far cleverer man than either Mr. Cotton or the editor of the catalogue of the Manchester Exhibition—decidedly the worst catalogue extant.

Düsseldorf is about to lose two of its most eminent artists. Karl Frederick Lessing has accepted an invitation of the Grand Duke of Baden to become director of the picture-gallery at Carlsruhe; and Emmanuel Leutze is going to live in Paris—distrusted, it is said, at the reception of a recent work.—The excavations in the Theatre of Herodes Atticus, in Athens, are nearly completed. A marble head with gilt hair has been discovered, which is supposed to have formed part of the statue of a Roman emperor.—A Paris correspondent writes: "A bust of Napoleon I., from the chisel of Canova, adorned the Museum at Caen, but at the Restoration, when the fallen emperor's statue was dragged down from the Place Vendôme pillars, this bust was broken by Legitimist iconoclasts, the fragments being gathered by some dissentient Normans. Guy, the town architect, has succeeded in reproducing a complete effigy out of the mutilated features, and it has resumed its old plinth or pedestal.—A catalogue has appeared which will excite great interest among antiquarians. It is of the collections brought together by the late Herr Von Minutoli, of Leipzig. These collections are especially rich in rare old glass, and the catalogue includes altogether 2187 lots.—The Museo Campana, which contains the most perfect collection of Etruscan antiquities in Europe, is for sale. It was collected by the Marquis Campana, who is now suffering imprisonment for having appropriated the funds of the Mont de Piété at Rome, of which he was government director. Respecting the museum, the *Morning Post* says: "There is nothing to equal it either for perfect specimens of the choicest descriptions of ancient art or for its wide range, including every known object of the antiquities of Italy. The marquis had always steadily refused to part with it. Now, however, it is thrown upon the market, and will, no doubt, either be sold entire, or be broken up and distributed over the face of Europe. It would be of great importance, for the sake of art-studies in England, if such a unique collection could be secured for this country. Its possession would be of infinite value to the public taste, and would necessarily conduce to the improvement of art. We are informed that the manuscript catalogues of the museum are in the possession of Mr. Phillips, the jeweller, of Cockspur-street. This is one of those national opportunities that we have too often missed. We shall be glad if, by calling attention to this subject, we are instrumental in procuring for our own country the possession of this magnificent museum."—Madame Hope, daughter of Gen. Rapp, has presented to the town of Colmar a portrait of her father, painted by Lagrenée. It is to be placed in the museum of the town.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

STRANGE that every temple, even that of Enterpe, must be cemented with blood. Already have there been several fatal accidents during the building of Covent-garden Theatre. We suppose that the rapidity of construction, and the natural recklessness of the workmen, render such events inevitable. Last week two fatal accidents occurred on the same day: one to a workman killed by a fall; the other to an old lady, mother to one of the clerks of the works. The poor old soul, full (we dare say) of maternal pride at the magic in which her son had aided, climbed up to the top, lost her footing, and fell to the ground.—Mr. Lewis Ball, the comedian, has been added to the company at the Olympic—not to play second parts to Mr. Robson, but to aid that indefatigable actor and manager in supporting the weight of the first business. The addition is judicious and

welcome.—Madame Ristori is now playing in Paris, and has made a great sensation as Lady Macbeth.

—The charming pianiste, Madame Szivardy, better known as Wilhelmina Clauss, has arrived in London, having been engaged by Mr. Mitchell for three matinées musicales.—A new comic opera by Gustav Schmidt, Kapellmeister at Frankfort, called *Webertrne oder Kaiser Konrad von Weinsberg*, has been produced in that city with success. It is intended as a picture of German life among the people.—A new piece by M. Maillelli has been produced at the Porte St. Martin. It is called *Les Mères Repenties*, and dramatises the false sentimentalism of repentant sinners.—The family of Mlle. Rachel have sold every memento of her, even the old guitar which she used to play in the streets before Ricourt discovered the jewel. Well! what then? The guitar was nothing but a piece of *bric-a-brac* and had its value.—It is said the great maestro, of the pianoforte, Liszt, has been received into the order of St. Francis at Pesth. Can this be true? The great musician, the man of pleasure who could drag down a duchess from her high place to share his lot, become a Franciscan monk? Surely the world is going back a few centuries.

BEETHOVEN ROOMS.—A young aspirant for musical fame gave his first matinée of classical music at these rooms on Thursday last. Mr. O'Leary was a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, studying the pianoforte under Professor Sterndale Bennett. His style of playing the instrument is based upon that of his master, who has fortunately stereotyped in this country at least the graceful and flowing style which characterised the playing of that great master of the art, the late lamented John B. Cramer. The music comprised selections from the classical compositions of Hummel, Weber, Beethoven, S. Bennett, &c., Mr. O'Leary also introducing some of his own writings, which indicate considerable musical power. Mr. O'Leary was assisted by Mr. Cipriani Potter, Herr Molique, and Mr. Aylward, Miss White varying the performance in the vocal department with much credit to herself.

LITERARY NEWS.

It is stated that Mr. Holman Hunt will shortly publish a pamphlet narrating some facts relative to the marriage of a converted Moslem in Jerusalem under the licence of the Protestant bishop there.—A correspondent of the *Athenaeum* complains that some of the old articles in the new edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" have been suffered to remain without any account being taken of the advance of knowledge as to the subjects. The article "Blind" is selected as a remarkable example of this. "The whole article," says the correspondent, "is a scissors-and-paste affair, with the exception of the above-mentioned; regularly 'done up' for the eighth edition! not a new idea in it—it is the repetition of the gone-by days of 1800."

—The Rev. G. Rawlinson has been appointed Bampton Lecturer for the ensuing year.—The Royal Society has announced a Catalogue of all the Memoirs in the *Transactions of Scientific Societies*, and in scientific periodicals, from the year 1800.—A deputation from some of the Societies, namely, the Epidemiological, Microscopical, Ethnological, Institute of Actuaries, Entomological, Numismatic, Juridical, Chronological Institute, Syro-Egyptian, and the British Medical Association, waited on Lord John Manners last Friday, for the purpose of obtaining the use of the rooms formerly used by the Royal Society in Somerset-house. His lordship stated that these rooms were about to be occupied by the Government. The deputation then stated that there was sufficient accommodation in Burlington-house, and expressed a hope that Government would sanction the use of the rooms in Burlington-house when not employed by the societies now located there. We question very much whether this can be done without materially interfering with the comfort of the Royal Society, the Chemical, and the Linnaean, and it is manifestly better that three societies should be well lodged rather than that twenty should be inadequately accommodated.—A Scotch nobleman has offered 1000l. for the late Hugh Miller's Museum; an American college has offered 1000 guineas. The family wish to realise, and the sale cannot be deferred. A meeting has been held in Edinburgh, and a committee named to collect subscriptions to purchase the collection for a Scotch Museum. The late Government promised a grant of 500l. for the object, and we presume that their successors will not be less generous. Scotland must put its hand into its pocket and find "the siller" for the rest.—The anniversary of Sion College, in the city of London, was held on Tuesday, according to the charter. The Fellows attended Divine service at St. Alphage Church, London-wall, within the precincts of the college, where the communion was administered and the Latin service preached by the Rev. C. Mackenzie, the president.—From a return issued recently, it appears that in 1857 the number of visitors at the British Museum was 621,034, being nearly double the number for 1855 and 1856. In 1853 the number was 661,113. Number of visits to the reading-rooms, for the purpose of study or research, 72,226 in 1852; 67,794 in 1853; 56,132 in 1854;

53,567 in 1855; 53,422 in 1856. From January to April, 1857, inclusive, the number of visits of readers was 19,242. The new reading-room was opened for readers on the 18th of May, and from that date to the end of the year the number of visits of readers was 75,128. Total, 94,370 in 1857.—On Tuesday last his Excellency the Duc de Malakoff, the new French Ambassador, visited the British Museum, and was conducted round the establishment by M. Merimée and Mr. Panizzi.—The conversazioni of the Society of Arts took place on Saturday evening last. We are totally unable, however, to give our readers any information respecting it, for the best of all reasons—we know nothing whatever about it.—The late Mr. Solly has bequeathed to the Society of Arts £100.—The Examination Prize Fund for 1858, collected by the Society of Arts, already exceeds 200£.

News from Paris tells of "important reforms" in the Imperial Library of Paris being "in contemplation." Not before they were needed certainly. A library without a catalogue at the disposal of the readers, and with officials whose fixed idea is to use every possible obstacle for the purpose of saving themselves trouble, requires many and radical reforms before it can be of the slightest use to anybody.—The Cour de Cassation has affirmed the judgment of the inferior court that the publisher of the "Mémoires de Marshall Marmon" shall be condemned to contradict the reflections upon the character of Eugène Beauharnais in all future editions of the work. The notion of submitting history to the decrees of the courts has certainly the merit of originality; but how far it supports Dr. Spier's dictum as to the superiority of the French law is another matter.—Those sportsmen who can read German will be glad to hear that Herr Von Tschuds is preparing a new edition of the Hand-book of Sport published by Dietrich aus dem Winckell in 1804. Herr Von Tschuds is himself a sportsman, and will do his work *con amore*.—It is stated that the publishing trade in St. Petersburg is giving signs of increased vitality and unusual activity. Macaulay, Grote, and Prescott have been translated into Russian. We have even seen an *Illustrated St. Petersburg News* got up in a very creditable style. Journalism is thriving there; even the bold and able works of M. Herzen, which are printed in this country, and which excite so much attention among the liberals all over Europe, find their way across the frontier by hundreds. The light is getting in.—Dr. Brugsch, of Berlin, is writing a history of Egypt, in which country he has been residing for some years. The Viceroy of Egypt, on the recommendation of the venerable Humboldt, has advanced 20,000 francs to aid the historian in his labours. Dr. Brugsch has excited great interest among the learned of Berlin with a MS. upon leather, which he supposes to be about 4000 years old.—The Royal Academy of Brussels offered a prize for the best essay on the probable birthplace of Charlemagne. Only two competitors appeared upon the field, and the result appears to be in favour of fixing upon Herstal, on the Meuse, as the probable birth-place of the great emperor.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—*Gli Ugonotti—Don Pasquale—La Figlia del Reggimento.* Mlle. Titien-Mlle. Piccolomini.

PRINCESS.—*King Lear.*

OLYMPIC.—*A Doubtful Victory*; a comedietta, in one act, by Mr. Oxenford.

BEFORE jotting down my brief notes upon the dramatic events of the fortnight, I cannot help congratulating the critics of the daily press upon the excellent example set them by the accomplished scholar who holds the awful scales of justice for the *Times*. On Monday last it was announced that henceforth the criticisms in the *Times* will be brought together into one article, or *feuilleton*, to be given every Monday morning. In introducing this scheme (which I, in my humble way, have more than once urged upon the magnates of the daily press) the writer in the *Times* points out some of the advantages which recommend it. He says, for example, that it enables the critic to dwell and expatiate upon great works, whilst he can dismiss trifles—the *nugae* of the day,—with a passing word. That is perfectly true; but there are other advantages worth mentioning. In the first place, it will enable the critic to do fuller justice both to himself and the work which he criticises, by giving him time to consider his verdict. So desirable is this, and so ardently have the managers wished to escape the chances of a hasty verdict, hurriedly written down while supper was cooking, after the late return from the theatre, that of late years a custom has obtained of producing novelties on Saturday night, which at any rate gave the critic one day for reflection. Another advantage is that Monday is generally a dull day with the daily papers, and a pleasant theatrical *feuilleton* will be always more welcome and fill the space more profitably than the clippings from the periodicals and country papers,

with which the space is usually filled out. For these and other reasons, I welcome the institution of the *feuilleton* as a beneficial amendment upon the old system, and have little doubt that it will inaugurate a new era in theatrical criticism. At any rate, it will obviate the necessity for sending "the gallery men" on boxing-night; and we shall probably have no more original criticisms upon "Isabella."

At Her Majesty's Theatre, the bill of fare has been chiefly made up of the Italian version of "Les Huguenots," "Don Pasquale," and "La Figlia." Mlle. Titien has not only established her reputation as a first-rate *prima donna*, but she has won her way to the hearts of her audience—achievements which are by no means consequent upon each other. *Vide* Mlle. Piccolomini, who, though no singer, is loved by any one who sees and listens to her. I am glad to find that the popularity of this brilliant little lady is not a whit injured by the success of the new comer. The public heart is large enough for both; and both as Norissa and as Marie, Mlle. Piccolomini has been received in the most affectionate and enthusiastic manner.

The Shaksperians seem almost unanimous in their praise of Mr. Charles Kean's performance of "King Lear," and that the general public is pleased, the crowds which throng nightly to the Princess's afford ample proof. With a fair exercise of an actor's licence Mr. Kean has fixed the uncertain epoch of Lear's reign at the eighth century of the Anglo-Saxon era, which gives him an opportunity of illustrating, by costume, scenery, and decoration, the manner of English life in those times. This he has certainly done with taste, liberality, and skill; and without making any ostentatious attempt at an unusual display of barbaric magnificence, Mr. Kean has succeeded in giving to the tragedy a *mise-en-scene* which may be pronounced a model of good taste. As to Mr. Kean's performance of the principal part, there must naturally be considerable difference of opinion. The actor never lived yet who could satisfy the ideal which fills the mind of a man who is an ardent admirer of poetry, and has formed some conception of this great tragic part. It is, however, a great triumph for Mr. Kean that he succeeds in portraying the domestic or human side of the old king's nature so well, that there is scarcely a dissentient voice to the chorus of praise raised to his honour.

A Doubtful Victory is a pleasant little imbroglio in which a handsome aunt and a pretty niece, and a young suitor and an old one, misunderstand each other, until the knot is neatly unravelled, and the young couple are made happy. The piece falls entirely upon Mrs. Stirling, Miss Hughes, Mr. George Vining, and Mr. Walter Gordon.

JACQUES.

THE SHAKSPERIAN FESTIVAL AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

THE birthday of Shakspere has for some years past been identified by the inhabitants of the usually quiet little town of Stratford-upon-Avon with a day of public rejoicing, and its celebration this year took place under circumstances of even more than ordinary interest. The particular Friday in last week on which fell the memorable 23rd of April, doubly consecrated to Shakspere and St. George, was brightened, throughout Warwickshire at least, by the exhilarating spring sunshine of a cloudless sky; bands of music paraded the streets of the quaint old town, banners were hung from the houses, the influx of company gave life to its dullest thoroughfare, the usual visits were paid to the hallowed and ever-interesting spots associated with the name of the bard, and the places of his birth and sepulture. The Rev. Charles Young, son of the late eminent tragedian, delighted a numerous auditory in the morning by his masterly reading of the play of "Hamlet," and in the evening the customary banquet came off at the Town-hall, under the presidency of Mr. Buckstone. Here, at all events, was sufficient evidence of the firm faith of the Stratford believers in Shakspere being unshaken, and that no contagion of literary infidelity had as yet spread within the precincts of the place of which he had been an inhabitant. Whatever might be the private opinion of the votaries who had assembled at the shrine of their devotion as to the great orthographical question of the true mode of spelling the name, there was evidently no doubt upon their minds as to the identity of the poet. We should not have been willingly responsible for the personal safety of that daring individual who might have had the hardihood that day to have breathed a suggestion about Lord Bacon writing "Hamlet," or Sir Walter Raleigh having had the slightest claim to the parentage of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Nor less dangerous would have been the promulgation of the theory that, admitting the man not to have been a myth, possible doubts might have connected themselves with the statements

of when he was born, and where he was born, and as to what he did and as to where he went to during any one of the fifty-two years that he spent upon earth afterwards. Flat heresy would it there and then have been to have questioned the authenticity of one of the relics, or to have cherished misgivings respecting the truthfulness of any one of the traditions handed down to us; and he who on this occasion and in this place would not readily have accorded his earnest belief to whatever was required of him must have been the most hardened of sceptics, and as stern a stipulator for "facts" as the notorious Mr. Gradgrind himself.

In this genial mood for paying fit respect to the day, and with this agreeable willingness to surrender the reins to imagination, it is not to be wondered at that as we approached the scene of the commemoration all nature seemed to be joining in the tribute paid to him who had sung her praises so wisely and so well. The very songs of the birds fell upon the ear like a jubilant chorus in honour of the time, and the wayside flowers seemed to be ringing, with their tiny petals, a floral peal as the "sweet south" passed over the fragrant banks of violets and primroses that skirted the high road. Nearing the spot

Where his first infant lays sweet Shakspere sung,
Where the last accents faltered on his tongue,

a less fanciful peal from the old elm-encircled church on the brink of the "deathless Avon" was borne upon the breeze; and the rolling of vehicles towards the various famous hostels of the Golden Lion, the Red Horse, the Shakspere, and the other inns of high renown thereto, testified to the amount of human interest felt in the event, and the direction in which the stream of local patronage was flowing.

The first glimpse of the town was very significant of the festival that had attracted thither this large addition to the resident population. From nearly every other house floated long streamers inscribed with mottoes, more or less appropriate: a tailor's, in the words of Polonius, guided the choice of his customers with "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy," and a pork-butcher's had skewered on to the carcass of a huge animal, destined hereafter to contribute some fine relishes to the breakfast-table, the end of a legendary scroll, with the emphatic inscription, "We ne'er shall look upon his like again;" but whether referring to the pork or the pig, he left the peruser to decide for himself according to his judgment. Very varied and equally vague also were the itinerant celebrants of the event. There was Punch and Judy, of course—a symbol, we may conjecture, of the state of the early drama—and who went through a muderous performance that, from the savage manner in which the hero behaved to the heroine, might have suggested the *dénouement* of the last act of "Othello." A stray barrel-organ, that had found its way into the region, was furnishing the musical honours by grinding out variations of "The Red, White, and Blue," which had as much connection with the subject as the critical notes of some of the old commentators, and might have been introduced in sarcastic mockery thereof. Stalls for ginger-bread nuts, and a constant demand for ale at the bars of the respectively hotelries, may be perhaps recognised as typical of the continued existence of these predilections, though the world was daily growing more virtuous; but a small peepshow, with a faded series of tableaux belonging to the melodramatic story of the "Wood Demon," made an irresolute stand in the market-place, and was speedily discomfited on the ground of its being beyond the pale of the legitimate drama, so that the exhibitors were enforced ingloriously to march towards Coventry. The true attractions of the town, therefore, remained—those that had for so long a period brought pilgrims from the extreme ends of the earth to pay their devotions at the Shaksprian shrine.

At eleven o'clock the Birthplace Committee held their meeting, at which it was stated the munificent gift of Mr. John Shakspere, a namesake of the Bard of Avon, had been employed to renovate and isolate the house in which Shakspere was born. This liberal donation of £2500 had enabled them to engage the services of Mr. Edward Barry, son of the architect of the Houses of Parliament, to restore the structure, "to remove with a careful hand all those excrescences which are decidedly the result of modern innovation, to uphold with jealous care all that now exists of undoubted antiquity, not to destroy any portion about whose character the

slightest doubt may exist, but to restore any parts needing it, in such a manner that the restorations can never be mistaken for the old work, though harmonising with it." On each side of the birthplace fronting Henley-street, a rustic wooden fence has been erected as a protection to a yew hedge intended to be planted within it; a broad flag pavement has been laid down; and after thus protecting the house from any risk of fire, the financial statement showed that there was a balance of 31. 6s. 8d. in favour of the club.

At two o'clock there assembled at the Shakspere-rooms a numerous audience to hear the Rev. Julian Charles Young deliver a reading of "Hamlet," which, with some necessary compression, was read by that gentleman with great power and effect. In the evening the dinner took place at the Shakspere-room in the Town-hall, when nearly two hundred guests did honour to an excellent repast furnished by Mr. Henry Hartley, the host of the Golden Lion. The distinguishing feature of the company was the number of the clergy that had assembled to do honour to the occasion, and who, in the course of some excellent speeches, fully recognised the importance of the drama as influencing and subserving the principles of morality and religion. In proposing the "Immortal Memory of William Shakspere," the chairman, Mr. Buckstone, observed :

It is pleasant at a meeting like this, to celebrate the birthday of our greatest English dramatic poet, to see that it is kept as it ought to be, with feelings of gratitude and affection, and in the way that we keep the birthdays of dear friends and relations that we love. Leigh Hunt, in his "Indicator" of 1820, writing on Shakspere's birthday, hoped that the time might come when it should be subject of public rejoicing, when the regular feast should be served up, the bust crowned with laurel, and the theatres sparkle with illuminations. In my boyhood I was a constant reader and ardent lover of Shakspere, and at a very early age many of his patriotic and philosophical passages I knew by heart—Harry the Fifth's heroic reply to his cousin Westmoreland, Talbot's fierce retort to the Countess of Auvergne, the death of Cardinal Beaufort, Hamlet's soliloquy, Macbeth and his air-drawn dagger, and many other immortal fragments, were at that time as familiar to me as household words, and there is little doubt but my intimate acquaintance with them led me at last to become a player, and an humble writer for the stage. On emerging from boyhood, and while yet a young actor, I was one of the first members of a Shaksperean club called "The Mulberries." It was not then a very prominent one, as its meetings were held at a certain house of entertainment in Vinegar-yard, Drury-lane. The club assembled there once a week; they dined together on Shakspere's birthday; and in the mulberry season there was another dinner and a mulberry feast, at which the chairman sat enthroned under a canopy of mulberry branches, with the fruit on them: Shaksperean songs were sung; members would read original papers or poems relating only to Shakspere; and as many artists belonged to this club, they would exhibit sketches of some event connected with our poet's life; and I once had the honour of submitting a paper to be read, called "Shakspere's Drinking Bout," an imaginary story illustrating the traditional event when the chivalry of Stratford went forth to carouse with

Piping Pebworth, dancing Marston,
Haunted Hillborough, hungry Grafton,
Dudging Exhall, Papist Wicksford,
Beggarly Broom, and drunken Bidford.

All these papers and pictures were collected together in a book, which was called "Mulberry-leaves," and you will believe me, in spite of our lowly place of meeting, that the club was not intellectually insignificant, when amongst its members, then in their youth, were Douglas Jerrold, Laman Blanchard, the Landseers (Charles and Thomas), Frank Stone, Cattemore, Robert Keeley, Kenny Meadows, and subsequently, though at another and more important place of meeting, Macready, Talfourd the judge, Charles Dickens, John Forster, and many other celebrities. You will very naturally wish to know what became of this club. Death thinned the number of its members; important pursuits in life took some one way and some another; and, after twenty years of much enjoyment, the club ceased to exist, and the mulberry-leaves disappeared no one ever knew whither.

The Rev. Richard Morris, the Rev. Mr. Young, the Rev. Mr. Maloney, Dr. Jeaffreson, Dr. Thompson, John Wise, Esq., A. Archdeacon, Esq., and other gentlemen associated with the liberal professions, proposed the remainder of the toasts, and the evening passed off in the most delightful manner. This festival has been annually the means of gathering an assemblage of familiar names connected with the highest walks of the drama and the fairest fields of literature, and has

had for its presidents the Earl of Carlisle, Wren Hoskyns, Peter Cunningham, Samuel Lover, Payne Collier, Benjamin Webster, and J. B. Buckstone. It has, therefore, something beyond mere local importance attached to it, and its continuance and prosperity must be hoped for and helped by all who hold the productions of our great national dramatists in true veneration and esteem.

OBITUARY.

CRAMER, JEAN BAPTISTE, the oldest of contemporary pianists and composers for the piano, and one of the most celebrated musicians of his time, died on Friday evening, at his residence in Kennington-terrace. He was born at Mannheim in 1771, and was consequently in his 88th year. His chief master for the piano-forte was Clementi, and for composition C. F. Abel. Though he flourished contemporaneously with Woelfl, Dussek, and Steibelt, the reputation enjoyed by Cramer as a pianist was second to none. He came to England at a very early age, and accomplished the greater part of his artistic career in London, where his lessons were more in request than those of any other professor. Nevertheless, he was renowned all over the Continent both as a composer and pianist. To the present generation, indeed, the immense renown of Cramer is a matter of history rather than anything else. No composer has written more copiously for the piano-forte than Cramer. The number of his concertos, sonatas, &c., is fabulous; but, though greatly esteemed when first published—none of them bearing the stamp of genius—they were gradually neglected, and at last wholly forgotten. There is, however, one particular work of his that is likely to endure as long as the art of music itself—"Studio per il Piano," which has exercised in a certain sphere almost as great an influence as the "Clavier bien Tempé" of J. S. Bach, or the "Gradus ad Parnassum" of Clementi. Mr. Cramer was one of the original partners in the eminent firm of Cramer, Beale, and Co., from which he withdrew about twenty years ago, with a handsome annuity.

DEHN, PROFESSOR, Curator of the Royal Library, Berlin, died on the 12th of April.

DODSON, THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN, on Tuesday night, at his residence in Seaford-place, Mayfair, after a short illness. The death of this learned gentleman will be deeply lamented by a large circle of professional friends. He was the eldest son of the late Dr. John Dodson, of Hurstpierpoint, Sussex, and was born in 1780. He was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1801, M.A. in 1804, and D.C.L. in 1808. He was appointed Advocate of the Admiralty in 1829, and Advocate-General in 1834, when he was knighted. On her Majesty's accession to the throne his patent of appointment was renewed. In Nov. 1841 he was appointed Master of the Faculties, and in 1852 Judge of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury and Dean of the Arches. The learned gentleman was M.P. for Rye from 1819 to 1823.

DRYICOTT, ANTONIO, a celebrated publisher at Vienna, died there on the 10th of April.

MAREKIA, MONSIEUR, one of the most scientific scholars of the day, and for the last twenty-eight years Professor of Chemistry in the University of Ghent, died in that town on the 31st of March last. He was one of the principal and most active workers at the new Belgian pharmacopœia. His works on organic and inorganic chemistry have been translated into German, and are extensively studied on the Continent.

BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

Allen's Sermons on Various Subjects. 8vo. 9s. cl.
Anthon's Latin and the Modern. 8vo. 6s. cl.
Anthon's Christian Gellert, and other Sketches, etc. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Armstrong's Cure of Souls. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.
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Blanc's 94th Psalm. 12mo. 10s. 6d. cl.
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British Catalogue of Books published in 1857, royal 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Buchanan's Christian Researches in India, ed. by Fox, 3s. 6d.
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